

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 246—VOL. X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

## THE WASHINGTON KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

THIS eminent and respected Masonic body having accepted the invitation of the Commanderies of New York and Brooklyn to visit this section, arrived here on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. The Commandery mustered forty Knights, under command of G. A. Schwarzman.

The Washingtonians were accompanied by M. E. B. French, Grand Commander; the Rev. W. D. Haley, Grand Prelate; W. B. Hubbard, P. G. M.; and J. W. Simons, Grand Treasurer of the Grand Encampment of the United States.

The members of Columbian Commandery No. 1, commanded by Virgil Price; Morton Commandery No. 4, commanded by N.

O. Benjamin; Palestine Commandery No. 18, commanded by E. P. Breed; Monroe Commandery No. 18, of Rochester, commanded by Jacob Rip Van Winkle, assembled upon Pier No. 2 at an early hour in the evening, where they awaited the arrival of their brothers in arms.

At the regular hour the boat arrived, and the strangers, upon



A. Baldwin.  
G. A. Schwarzman.

S. T. Bell.

R. B. French.

A. B. McKee.

W. D. Haley.

N. O. Benjamin.

E. P. Breed.

W. Simons.

FORBES & BROTHERS, 100 NASSAU ST., N.Y.



landing, were warmly welcomed by Commander Virgil Price. After a brief exchange of salutations, the line was formed, and the procession moved up Broadway to the Smithsonian, where the Washington Knights were to be quartered.

The fraternity was attired in the full regalia of the Order, presenting an imposing appearance. Two bands were in attendance, and the procession was followed by a large and curious throng.

On the following morning they paid a visit to the Great Eastern, and examined with marked interest that wonderful specimen of naval architecture. They were escorted by many members of the New York and Brooklyn Commanderies. During the afternoon they visited various places of interest, but returned in time to prepare for the grand banquet which was to be given to them in the evening at the Lafarge House.

At half-past eight o'clock p. m., under escort of Palestine and Morton Commanderies of New York, and De Witt Clinton of Brooklyn, the Sir Knights of Washington were escorted from their quarters at the Smithsonian House to the Lafarge Hotel, where a splendid banquet was prepared in the main dining saloon of the establishment. Two tables were laid the length of the hall, and were loaded with all the delicacies of the season.

The tables were bounteously spread, and were decorated with a variety of elegantly designed Masonic emblems. The head of each table was occupied by E. P. Breed, Grand Commander of Palestine Commandery No. 18, and N. O. Benjamin of Morton Commandery No. 4. Among the distinguished guests we observed B. B. French, Eminent Grand Master of the Knights Templar of the United States; William Blackstone Hubbard, Past Eminent Grand Master of the Knights Templar of the United States; W. W. Haley, Supreme Grand Prelate of the United States; Commander G. A. Schwarzman of Washington Commandery No. 1, of Washington, D. C.; W. W. Smith, Generalissimo; W. W. Mitchell, Past Commander of Apollo Commandery, Illinois, and present G. S. Warden of the G. C. of the State of New York, and present G. T. of the G. C. of the U. S.; R. McCoy, Grand Recorder of the U. S.; Sir Knight May, Commander of De Witt Clinton Commandery, Brooklyn; Sir Knight Drew, Grand Lecturer of the State of New York; Sir Knight A. B. McKeon.

The banquet passed off both brilliantly and pleasantly; sentiments were given, healths proposed, and eloquent speeches were made in reply, rendering the occasion one of rare and marked interest. The Knights Templar separated at a late hour, in peace and harmony, and in every way mutually gratified.

We give on our front page life-like portraits of the following distinguished Knights Templar: W. Shadock, E. P. Breed, N. O. Benjamin, W. D. Haley, A. B. McKeon, B. B. French, S. T. Bell, G. A. Schwarzman and A. Baldwin.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM—GRAND DRAMATIC REPERTORY.**  
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.  
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.  
Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, on the East River; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.  
Admission to everything, 25 cents. Parquette, 15 cents extra. Children under ten years, 15 cents, and to the Parquette, 10 cents extra.

**FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1860.  
All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

**TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.**

One Copy	17 weeks	\$ 1
One do.	1 year	\$ 3
Two do.	1 year	\$ 5
Three do.	1 year	\$ 8
Five do.	1 year	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.**  
Our Brilliant Illustrations.  
We have made ample arrangements to chronicle all the leading events of the Triumphant Tour of the Prince of Wales

**IN CANADA**  
AND IN  
**THE UNITED STATES,**  
in a manner fully equal to our present Splendid Illustrations. Our Special Correspondent and several artists are now in Canada, and will furnish us every week with brilliant and graphic descriptions and Sketches, which will appear in our pages from time to time. These magnificent and well-timed Illustrations give evidence of our determination to keep

**Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper**  
**ABOVE COMPETITION,**  
and superior to all rivalry in the United States.

**A Beautiful New Romance.**  
In our next number we shall commence an original Romance, written expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, entitled,  
**MARIE;**  
OR, THE  
**GAMBLER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.**  
A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

**Foreign News.**  
The news from Europe comes like a pestilential puff of wind, bearing with it the bad odors of massacre, oppression and diplomacy. First in horror comes the cold-blooded murder of the Christians by the Druses and Turks, a fact which ought to seal the fate of that brutal nightmare of Eastern Europe. Even the London Times abandons the Turban to its fate, and we trust a few weeks will see a European protectorate enter the decomposing frame of the Mussulman. What those who have known them best and longest have said will now be the recognized faith of the world, that a Turk is no more a human being than a mad dog is, and that the interests of society demand their extermination. When the news of the massacre of the Christians at Damascus reached London and Paris, it was determined to take immediate action and put an end to so horrible a state of things. The sick man is not dying, he is dead. Let the Great Powers share an estate which he stole four centuries ago.  
There is a report of several skirmishes between the Sicilians and Neapolitans at Messina, but nothing certain. Considering that there are special correspondents from a London pictorial paper and the London Times, it is remark-

able there should be so little reliable news. Garibaldi had banished Farini, the Sardinian agent, as it was supposed he was acting more as Louis Napoleon's slave and spy than as an Italian freeman. The spider of the Tuileries is afraid of the web he has woven, and, like Penelope, is undoing in the night of diplomacy the good work he did in the day of battle. It does not seem that young Bomba has made much progress with his constitutional monarchy, as his father had cried wolf too often before him to leave any value in a royal oath. The fact is, that the honor of a king is worth no more than that of a gambler. Victor Emanuel had decided upon forming five camps during the summer and autumn, viz., at Florence, Alexandria, Milan, Bologna and Turin. In France there is little of interest. A few scribbled now and then stir up the British lion with semi-official jocular bantering baldpate called pamphlets. The London Times rears up, the New York editors, both daily and hebdomadal, air their ignorance, Louis Napoleon rubs his hands with glee at the innocent delusion of the French, who fancy they are free because they are allowed to poke a little cowardly spite at England, and this is all the French have to amuse themselves except *ragouts, vin ordinaire*, Sunday operas, Eugenie's crinoline and Louis Napoleon's moustaches. A great people, truly!

Russian news is not encouraging. The opposition offered to the emancipation of the serfs by the nobles had almost determined the Czar to abandon his intention. Prince Dolgorouky had published a pamphlet on the subject, which revealed a deep seated dissatisfaction in the Russian Empire, which must sooner or later lead to a revolution in the Government or an insurrection among the serfs.

The Austrian Empire remains in its usual lethargic state, its only persistent occupation being to increasing the garrisons of Venetia. There is, however, a better understanding between the Austrian and Prussian Governments, and a meeting between the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Prince Regent was to be held at Toplitz; this would, doubtless, be attended by the rest of the German potentates, who begin to see that it will be perilous to permit two distinct policies to exist in Germany, in the face of so unscrupulous and powerful an enemy as Louis Napoleon.

### American Brotherhood.

THE true cure for all political differences is a frank intercourse. There are always men base or weak enough to delight in fostering a misunderstanding, and in cooking a disagreement into a malignity. The press, Northern and Southern, is disgraced with a few such silly or wicked persons, but the instances are rare. The readers of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper must cheerfully admit that our course has been consistently conservative from the very commencement of our undertaking, six years ago. We have all along thoroughly felt the propelling motive of our Great Republic, and are not ignorant of the epoch in which we live. Disregarding the narrow issues and eddies of sectional politics, we threw ourselves into the full stream of American progress, and thus have happily avoided the rocks on which so many literary undertakings have split. A circulation far exceeding that of all the other Illustrated Papers in the country has rewarded our abstinence from party politics, and convinced us that the heart of the nation is decided upon that vital principle of our national greatness, the preservation of the Union. We shall make no allusion on the present occasion to those anomalous instances in which a silly editor, whose folly we may have unwittingly quizzed, has threatened us in his Estanswill Atlanta *Crusader* with the *duello*, or with North Elba fanatics who have threatened us with "cullud vengeance;" but we congratulate our citizens upon the healthy and cordial feeling everywhere apparent, even though on the eve of a Presidential election. The great heart of the nation rests assured that the Union and the national dignity do not depend upon any one man, and that were Satan himself elected, the good sense of the Republic would immediately counteract the evil by its patriotic action. Despite the harsh things the hostile parties say of each other, their hearts beat with the same emotions that stirred those of George Washington and Andrew Jackson, and every day's experience proves it. Among the latest gratifying instances is that of the Savannah *Republican*, an extreme Southern organ, which, alluding to the visit of the Savannah Blues to our city, nobly observes:

They have been *fed* so handsomely by the New Yorkers that—excepting always those who left sweethearts and wives behind them—they will hardly be reconciled, on their return, to the dull routine of summer life in Savannah. We learn, from a private despatch, that their festivities were brought to a close yesterday, and the corps took their departure from New York on the steamer Florida at five o'clock p. m. If any other corps in this city is troubled with fire-eaters in its ranks we recommend a similar excursion, it being currently reported that every case of the malady among the Blues, some of which had become chronic from long standing, has been effectually cured.

Frank Leslie heartily says "amen" to this patriotic wish. The fact is, the Fire-Eaters and the Abolitionists are the angry boys of the Republic, and must be disciplined into patriotism and common sense.

### Clerical Novelties.

If there is one thing more than another which should be true of the practical manifestation of religion, it is, that when sincerely shown, we invariably find it free from theatrical tricks, vulgarity and oddity. Its great social principle is the attainment of purity, refinement and dignity. The truest Christian is the truest lady or gentleman, so far as showing religion outwardly is concerned, and such persons, to whom piety is the deepest and most earnest of truths, shrink intuitively from laying bare their most delicate feelings to the world, much more from clothing them in coarse comedy or rank sensational melo-drama.

Unfortunately this cannot be said of a great and rapidly increasing number of self accredited clerical clowns in the ring, ecclesiastical acrobats and minor theatrical Maw-worms, who, incapable of aiding truth and morality by the exercise of talent, believe that its want may be legitimately supplied by astonishing the ignorant with novelties or by means of a moral *coup d'etat*, or startling effort of ingenuity. Of this kind was the effort made a year or two ago to raise a sensation by preaching on Sunday in the theatres. The trick failed, for the very obvious and natural reason, that theatre-goers, not caring to hear a sermon, did not go, while on the other hand the boxes which they should have occupied were crowded with ladies and gentlemen opposed to theatre-going and theatricals, but who still enjoyed the proscenium, the scenes, the brilliant gaslight, the crowded house and the sermon *vis a vis*. And if the sermons, such as they were, inspired fresh devotion under such influences, it was all well enough. But the principle on which this style of clerical exhibition was founded was radically false, for it was expected that preaching in theatres would attract "sinners," which it very naturally failed to do. Of all who preached under these circumstances, there probably was not one in a dozen who did not remind or assure his audience that, on week days, the place where they were assembled was a gate to hell, devoted to abominable crime and all manner of wickedness—a statement fully believed in, possibly, by one person in a hundred among those to whom it was addressed.

More recently, in imitation of some English performance of the kind, a clergyman of this city undertook to preach to thieves and women of abandoned life. No thieves came, of course, not wishing to put themselves in the way of identification, while the number of Magdalenes on this occasion was not nearly so great as may be sometimes seen of Sunday evenings in other churches. Very respectable and virtuous young women—who had crowded in where they had no business to be—bore the brunt of the sermon, and meekly endured being called "fallen sisters steeped in sin and degradation," while young gentlemen of regular habits allowed themselves to be styled "thieves," without a murmur.

The subject of degrading religion by means of trick and novelty is difficult to discuss, since those attacked at once take refuge under the general term of religion, and seek to identify themselves with those true gentlemen and sound divines who properly repudiate all such clap-trap. The good sense of the world will, however, distinguish truth from sham, no matter how ingeniously the latter may be disguised. We should be sorry to be understood to attack those really talented and good men who promote the best interests of religion, simply because their sermons are often relieved by quaintness and strongly marked imagery from monotony and insipidity. There is no reason why art and poetry should not be judiciously employed in a good cause—in fact there is every reason why anything innocent in itself, with a refining and elevating tendency, should be identified as much as possible with religion and morality. But oddity, for oddity's sake, is contemptible—as contemptible as those manifestations of theological intolerance inspired by misanthropic vanity which are occasionally displayed by some would-be notoriety, and which, it is now generally conceded, make ten sinners where they produce one good impression.

It is curious, that as regards eccentric preaching and pulpit tricks, we seldom find any real novelty or originality in them. The reader who is familiar with the Predicatoriana, the droll life of Fra Gerundio de Zerotes, with the sermons of Abraham, a Santa Clara, or to any extent with the pulpit buffoonery of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, often recognizes "the original Joes" of a vast amount of the startling efforts of our modern church-harlequins. In fact, whatever is unsound in its application is apt to be unsound in every way, and when we hear of a clergyman stooping to tricks to draw audiences, we may, as the world goes, strongly suspect that a fine thread of humbug or falsehood passes through the whole. "False in one, false in all!"

### Health and Rest.

A WELL-MEANING cotemporary, but one of that class which carelessly indulge in exaggerated statements, in commenting on Anthony Trollope's account of the extreme indolence of the emancipated negroes in Jamaica, makes the following comment:

Is it strange that he should be inactive and lazy? Is it surprising that arguments about the blessedness of labor, of providence, of thrift, should fall dead upon his ears? How many of us would work if we were not obliged to? How many of our fashionable idlers are there whose lives really amount to nothing more or better than the drowsy indolence of these tropical negroes? How much better is it to loiter about Newport and Saratoga in the summer, and the saloons of New York in the winter, doing nothing but vegetate, than it is to roll around under the mango tree and eat coconuts and breadfruit all the day long?

There is far too much of this silly talk at present in the mock-moral, make-believe Franklin part of the press about "fashionable idlers at watering-places," "spendthrift folly at Newport or Saratoga," and similar cheap trash of censorship. The fact is that the number of continual idlers of the highest class in this country is so small as to be entirely unworthy the amount of abuse which is lavished on them in newspapers, novels, sermons and other correctional sources. The game is not worth the candle. The idlers in this country are in no appreciable proportion whatever to the overworked brains, and dyspeptic, nervous, feeble creatures who die ere middle age for want of a little occasional judicious idleness. Look around among your friends, good cotemporary, and tell us how many regular idlers there are among them—men who do nothing at all but eat, drink and sleep. A pretty thorough acquaintance with Newport and Saratoga will not show many do-nothings after all. The visitors there are mostly respectable persons, who in their Northern stores and offices, or on their Southern plantations, fulfil the duties of life with much more credit to themselves, and set far better examples, than if they worked three hundred days in the year and never sought the slightest relaxation. But to return to our cotemporary:

We think that Trollope's statements need some modification; but granting them to be true, there is a large class of Americans who cannot with much justice criticise the *dolce far niente* life of the Jamaica negro. Of how many men, even here in this bustling land, might it be truly said that they exist, but do not live?

Yes indeed—of how many? Of a great many, we fear, who exist to toil from morning to night without ever getting a glimpse of Nature. Of many who never live for a single aspiration or interest beyond "business." Of many who work all day and return home with their brains on the verge of insanity, to be restored by sleep, and repeat the round the next day. We could cite the instance of a wealthy business man of this city, who has every evening a physician awaiting him, to assuage the maddening nervousness which is daily caused by excessive work. We could sum up fifty instances of men who, with wealth and to spare, go on for years oppressed by vertigo, paralysis and other disorders—all for want of some of that same *dolce far niente* which our cotemporary denies. There are thousands of them—all flattering themselves that they are doing their duty—and all in error. Health is a duty as well as morality.

### Lord Brougham.

Our patriotic press is wasting much virtuous indignation upon a playful remark, made by that erratic old gentleman, the Monkbarns of the House of Peers, to Mr. Dallas. When Lord Brougham facetiously called the attention of the American Minister to the presence of a fine, fat, full-flavored nigger, worth at least a thousand dollars, and worthy of belonging to that amiable Sepoy and vitriol thrower, the sinner after the Alabama plantation, he no more meant to insult the American Eagle than he did to keep sober the next twenty-four hours. So Mr. Dallas construed it, for he merely smiled at the ill-timed pleasantry of the venerable Touchstone, and continued his groping through the statistical knowledge they had all met to confuse.



Not so that black swan or black sheep of the meeting, Mr. Delaney, the "cullud gemman" alluded to; like all his class, he was intoxicated with the idea of being noticed, although to be called "a nigger;" so he sprang up, struck a theatrical attitude, and said that he was proud to say he was a nigger, and prouder still to add that he was also a man and a "bother," for we never yet knew a descent white person who would practically admit the "brother."

In solemnly pardoning, on behalf of the American Eagle, the vagarious lord for his attempt at the funny, but which has been dignified by the telegraph into a deadly insult from Lord Brougham to the American Minister, we trust that a similar provocation for his banter will never arise, for we quite despair of imparting prudence to the octogenarian Chancellor. He is as slipshod as he was thirty-five years ago, when the Duke of Buckingham—not the one who lost his head, but the one who seldom used it—said, "That the noble lord came down to the House of Lords after imbibing potations pottle deep, and made ridiculous speeches." Up started Chancellor Brougham, and asked what he meant by saying he was drunk? Buckingham replied, with the impudence of an actor, that he did not say so, it was Shakespeare.

Mr. Dallas evidently pardoned Brougham on the same ground that it was not the British Peer who sneered at the sable majesty of niggerdom, but a garrulous old Scotchman, who most probably had been brushing the mountain dew down his throat. Perhaps also Mr. Dallas might have remembered that the same old man had the night before denounced from his place in the House of Lords the crowned despots of Europe.

#### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A Correspondent has called our attention to the remarkable fact that a certain paper, famous for the uncertainty of its numerous editions, actually praised a guide book to the Great Eastern without transferring the whole of it to its columns. The only apology we can make for the oversight is that the Douglas-Bell organ is anxious to conciliate our enterprising and indignant friend De Witt.

An old Poet has said that the spectacle most delightful to those fabulous beings, the dwellers on Mount Olympus, is to see a brave and good man struggling with calumny. That persecuted saint, John E. Enright, has abandoned his hotel, and, like Diogenes, retired into the tub of private life. The Police Justices will say with Prince Hal, "We better could have spared a better man!" Most certainly Mr. Enright knew how to keep a hotel. "But all that's bright must fade!"

The World has at last defined the notion of the sublime. It is the New York Herald on fire. We give our authority. It is from the description of the fire in Nassau street, in the World of the 31st of July:

"The sight of the burning buildings from the upper stories of this office was sublime, and the first impression of those who saw it was that the Herald building was on fire."

If the Herald on fire is sublime, what a far sublimer spectacle would the World on fire be! As Shakespeare would have said had he lived now, "Cumming's, the wish was father to the thought;" and in a passage of Pope we read, "And now a bubble bursts, and now a World."

The City Fathers of Hoboken seem to be in a bad way, or else why suffer the Circuit Judge of that picturesque city to print such denunciations? We give a part of his editorial:

"They seize every periodical opportunity to raise their rents, and pester tenants to death with their agents if they are a trifle in arrears. Externally, Hoboken boasts of 'a florid vigor,' and no wonder; by not restricting licenses to well conducted hotels and saloons, its face has become rubicund from a hundred poison founts. No public hall, no reading-room, or library yet, in a city 'fairer than ten thousand,' and in point of wealth without example. Reader, how do you like the picture, or why wonder at the new township of Weehawken?"

The Water-Gas, so long deemed a humbug, seems to have something in it after all. For some time past the enterprising proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia, have been burning it, and are, we believe, perfectly satisfied with it. It is or will be made for about forty cents per 1,000 feet—the quality of the light being as much superior to that of the Philadelphia City Works gas as the latter is superior to the New York article.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press informs us that it is not true that a cheerful party of friends is being made up, here, to form an excursion with the intent of going out in October to Havana, for the purpose of visiting the "unfortunate" Fowler. It is really to be wondered, though, considering the amount of sympathy which has been lavished on the picking and stealing gentleman, that a little mass meeting has not been got up to express condolence with the befoolled official.

The Street Watering-Machines are certainly good to lay the dust, but we doubt if they are not, on the whole, as managed, as great nuisances as the dust itself. To find every crossing a mass of very liquid mud is not pleasant, and might very easily be avoided by compelling the water men to confine their hydraulic exploits to the spaces between. This is enforced in other cities, and should be so here, where the number of pedestrians is so great.

The Red River Nor-Wester gives details of a case of cannibalism, in which it is said that an Indian boy, apparently ten or twelve years of age, managed to kill six persons, and had eaten the most desirable portions of the bodies. The Nor-Wester says that, incredible as it may appear, the tale has been confirmed by too many persons to leave any doubt as to its truth.

We don't doubt it—oh no! We only wish that some philosopher would calculate what that Indian boy would have done had he been of full age and growth. What would he have done had he only had a fair chance!

#### PERSONAL.

The late Archbishop of York, England, made a point of purchasing every book which the critics and reviewers cut up. His Grace used to boast that by adopting this rule, he possessed a more valuable collection of the standard national genius than any of his friends who were credulous enough to rely on such vehicles.

REV. JOHN F. SPENCER, President of the North Carolina Conference, is dead. The house of the Bonapartes at Ajaccio, Corsica, has been dressed with black cloth since the day of Prince Jerome's death.

QUEEN CHRISTINA, of Spain, with her husband, the Duke de Blandieres, and family have arrived at her villa at Saint Adro, near Havre.

The Austrian Court has put on mourning for a fortnight for Prince Jerome Napoleon.

G. LEIGHTON DEXTER, the traveller and author, has been elected a member of the Geological Society of France. His name was presented by the learned D'Orbigny, author of "Cours Élémentaire de Paléontologie et de Géologie," &c.

MADAME RITOU will spend the winter in Russia, and on her returning to Paris next Spring, it is said she will adventure a part in French, in a tragedy, by M. Legouvé, which is about to be produced at the Odéon Theatre.

BARON BADEN still remains the residence of a great number of German sovereigns and princes. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden gave a tea-party lately, at which the King of Bavaria, the Crown Prince of Saxony, the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Princess Mary of Baden (the Duchess of Hamilton), and the Princess of Fürstenberg were present. The Prince Regent of Prussia arrived in the evening.

We are told that Napoleon and Eugénie were to set out from Paris on July 16th for Nice, Savoy, Corsica and Algiers, and that the tour will not occupy more than twenty or twenty-five days, and that on their return they will take up their residence at Biarritz for the autumn.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU, of England, has accepted an invitation to preach the sermon before the Unitarian Autumnal Convention, which will probably be held in Brooklyn about the 1st of October. Mr. Martineau is well known by his "Rationalist of Religious Inquiry," his two volumes of sermons entitled "Endeavors after the Christian Life," and the remarkable articles he has contributed to the leading English reviews for the last twenty years. His connection with the National Review, and the brilliant papers from his pen which have appeared in that most masterly of all periodicals, have made him still more prominent of late.

ALBERT PIER has returned to his home at Little Rock, Arkansas.

HON. JOHN CONRAN will lead next November to the States.

MR. PAUL MORPHY, being dissatisfied with New Orleans, is about to abandon his native country and settle at Paris. America will survive the disapprobation of its institutions as implied by his desertion.

ARCHBISHOP HOBSON has gone to Canada.

MR. VEDDER, a young New York artist, who has been studying in Italy for some years, has become quite famous for some of his pictures exhibited recently in Florence.

WILLIAM D. TUTT, who murdered his sister-in-law some time ago, has been apprehended, and committed to prison to await his trial. We trust he will suffer the penalty due to one who murders an innocent girl, because she will not degrade herself by eloping with the husband of her sister. He is in Richmond jail, Va.

THE citizens of Chicago are very indignant that they were deprived a sight of the recent eclipse, owing to the cloudy weather. Smoked glass was at a discount, and disgust paramount.

By the death last week of the mother of Judge Douglas's first wife, who was a Miss Martin, of North Carolina, his two boys, his only children, came into the possession of a large fortune. We have rarely seen two finer lads than these sons of Judge Douglas's. Intelligent, modest, manly and under capital tutelage, they bid fair to do honor to their lineage.

LORD LYONS left Washington on the 30th to meet the Prince of Wales in Canada.

THE Zouaves visited Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the 30th. In the afternoon they drilled at Fairmount Park before fifteen thousand spectators. They were much applauded.

DR. E. E. MORRIS has retired from the editorial control of the Pennsylvania. He is succeeded by John E. Brunner.

MISS H. ARNET SCOR and her sister Salome are both engaged at Louisville for the ensuing season, which opens in September. Miss H. Scor's Florence in "Dombey and Son," at Wallace's, is much praised by Personne of the Leader.

JUDGE WARTLEY, of Hoboken, in announcing the marriage of the Hon. M. R. H. Garrison to Miss Stevens, daughter of Edward A. Stevens, says: "As the Garnet is a precious stone, Virginia, like the Roman matron, may by-and-by be proud of her jewels." It takes a Jersey Judge to pay a compliment to the Old Dominion.

#### LITERATURE.

We have received from TICKNOR, FIELDS & Co., of Boston, *Memorials of Thomas Hood*, in two volumes. These volumes are more than usually interesting, from the fact that the materials of which they are composed were collected, arranged and edited by his daughter, Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip. They contain a large amount of new matter relating to the private life of Hood, and many anecdotes which have not been given to the world before. While reading these volumes we see the man more plainly and know him more intimately than heretofore. We see him in his private life, in his home, in his relations with his family, and we more thoroughly appreciate the character of the man. We learn also much interesting matter connected with his various literary enterprises, and the number and character of the articles contributed to them by him.

In short, much light has been thrown upon doubtful subjects, and much made manifest which could hardly have been obtained from any other source. Mrs. Broderip has done her duty well, which, as we suppose, was a task of love to her, and has given to the world a book which will be much sought after by the admirers of Hood, and their name is legion. The notes by Thomas Hood, the son, are both valuable and interesting.

The *Oakland Stories* are a pleasant series of moral and instructive stories by George P. Taylor. They are published by SHELTON & Co., New York, in very attractive and elegant form, with handsome vignettes and illustrations. Volume one is entitled "Kenny," volume two, the present one, is called "Cousin Guy," and the third volume (in press) is called "Caliban." They are well and pleasantly adapted for young people.

MASON BROTHERS have sent us a volume by John Ellis, M. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, on the *Avoidable Causes of Disease, Incurable and Deformity*. Every doctor has his pet notions, and every class of doctors its well-riden hobby. If we could believe half of the treatises published to the world, we should doubt the possibility of anybody dying unless, from old age, and that even that no quick, nor is he a dreamer; he neither advocates some universal patent nostrum, nor does he theorize upon a state of human perfectibility which neither has been, nor, under existing circumstances, can be. He treats seriously of the predisposing causes to disease in various forms, and puts before the reader in a common sense but eloquent way the means of avoiding the evil. He handles the subject without gloves, and calling things by their right names, appeals to the common sense and the moral sense of the community to pause in a mad career, to look the danger in the face, and to reform the abuses which have crept into every detail of our daily life. The preface contains a question which has been frequently asked of late—"Are our American people physically degenerating?" The importance of the facts in the true discussion of this subject cannot be denied. The fact has been charged upon us from abroad, and the evidences at home are too numerous and too apparent to admit of the subject being dismissed with a contemptuous pool pool. We have not the space to follow the facts and the arguments of Dr. Ellis, but we are constrained to say that they are serious and undeniable in their force, and worthy the attention of all reflecting minds.

The scope of Dr. Ellis's work embraces the discussion of spiritual, mental and natural causes of disease; of the use and abuse of the digestive organs; of the violation of the conditions requisite for physical development and preservation; of the proper and improper management of children; of the imperfection of our system of education, physically and morally; of the fashions and habits of ladies, of the neglect of proper amusements; of improper poisons—opium, tobacco, alcohol and fermented drinks; and excessive labor, mental and physical. The book is most ably written, and bears internal evidence of a wide experience and a deep and earnest study of the subjects discussed, and it cannot fail to arrest the attention of all who believe that there are mighty ills upon our social systems, which demand the attention of practical reformers and the knife of skillful legislators to relieve and eradicate.

WILLIAM A. TOWNSEND & Co., the well-known publishers, have now in press, one of the most exquisite books of the season. It is *Bryan's Forest Hymns*, with thirty-two illustrations by John A. Hows. Of the poem, it would be useless at this day to speak; it has already become a classic. The artist, John A. Hows, has caught the inspiration of the poet and has produced some exquisite creations, illustrating in the spirit and the sentiment the thoughts of the poet. Mr. Hows exhibits a creative faculty of high order, and in thought and sentiment he is a true artist. We have seen many of his charming pictures, and much as we admire them, the present creations of his pencil are so admirable as to elicit our warmest commendations.

#### MUSIC.

**New York Harmonic Society.**—This society, under the conductorship of Mr. George F. Bristow, have been giving a series of musical soirees to the public and the friends of the members. The third of the series was given on Monday evening, July 30, at their rooms, Dodworth's Hall, when M. Felicien David's ode symphony of the "Desert" was performed. The work consists of recitations, choruses, solos and descriptive musical pieces, portraying the march of the caravan across the deserts of Arabia and northern portion of Africa. The recitations were to have been given by Mr. John Dyott, of Wallace's Theatre, but a telegraphic message was received stating he was too ill to leave his bed, whereupon Mr. Archibald Johnson undertook the task. The solos were sung by Messrs. Tagliabue and Mills. The choruses were sung with much steadiness and precision, more especially the one descriptive of the moon. In the second part Mr. Tagliabue sang, "Oh, Night! Oh, Lovely Night!" very sweetly. At the end of this song Mr. Bristow played the Arabic fantasia and the Dance of the Almehs, which are said to have been taken down, almost note for note, by the author, during his sojourn among the Arabs—and it is no dilemma to say played the curious music well. Mr. Mills sang the "Evening Reverie" with much simplicity and taste, eliciting the warm congratulations of the audience. The soiree was a complete success, and is to be repeated on Monday evening next. The work has not been performed in this city for some years, when, under the direction of Mr. George Loder, at the old Tabernacle, Broadway, it was given every evening for one week.

#### NEW MUSIC.

The *Lurline Polka*, from Wallace's New Opera, By Charles D'Albert. The subject of this charming Polka is the orchestral theme in the celebrated trio in the first act of *Lurline*. It is put together with D'Albert's usual taste and tact, and makes a most beautiful and spirited Polka. The title page is the most exquisite thing of the class we have ever seen. It is printed in colors, and represents the Lurline bird by moonlight. It is framed in coral and gold, and is a rare specimen of the tasteful and the beautiful. The Polka is brilliant and easy.

The *World Within and the World Without*. A song written by James Simmonds. Composed by S. Nelson. The words are less lyrical than any we have seen from James Simmonds' pen. The intention to soar towards the moral and sublime is evident, but the flight was too arduous, and the poet plummeted downwards the region of bathos, at which point the musician came to his rescue, but only made matters worse. The title, however, is good and catching.

The *Lost Good Day*. Ballad.

sentimental. Both the ballad and the accompaniments are easy, still showing the management of the master-mind, and the ballad will, in all probability, have a large sale.

*Ever of Thee*. Quickstep. Arranged by Francis H. Brown. This is a capital quickstep, and as it contains all of the very sweet melody of the song, it is sure to be immensely popular. Besides, Dodworth's band plays it, and that is a sure passport to popularity. It is dedicated to Captain John R. Garland, of the New York Light Guard.

The *Lurline Waltzes*, from Wallace's grand opera, "Lurline." By Charles D'Albert. This set of waltzes contains several of the most beautiful airs from Wallace's wonderfully successful opera, arranged brilliantly and popularly by that very clever and popular writer, D'Albert. The following airs are introduced: "The Nectar Cup may yield Delight," "Take this Cup of Sparkling Wine," "Oh, Rudolph—haughty Rudolph, tell," and that delicious air, "Gentle Troubadour." The waltzes are easy and brilliant, and cannot fail to have a great run.

*Old King Cotton*. Words by George P. Morris, Music by William H. Morris. Every one knows these famous words by George P. Morris, for they have been copied everywhere over and over again. They are just what they should be; the hit the heart of the subject, and could hardly be improved. The melody wedded to the words is bold, easy to catch, and has therefore the elements of popularity. The vignette title page is very handsome.

The above pieces of music are all published by William Hall & Son, Broadway, and we need hardly say that they are got out in the very highest style of mechanical art.

#### THE GREAT EASTERN'S TRIP TO CAPE MAY.

ON Monday the Champion of the Seas made her first trip in American waters, and completely confirmed the opinion entertained by every intelligent man, that in sea-going qualities she is a perfect triumph.

On Sunday afternoon, the Great Eastern was swung into the stream and anchored off Castle Point, Hoboken, in about the middle of the stream. On the Monday afternoon, at half-past four, having received above two thousand passengers on board, she slowly steamed down the Hudson, amid an ovation which has never been seen before. An immense number of steamers, yachts and boats of every description attended her, and the wharves and shores of New York, New Jersey, Long Island and Staten Island were lined with admiring and applauding thousands. It was estimated that above one hundred thousand spectators saw her depart. She passed the Bar about seven o'clock p. m., with the greatest ease, having full two feet of water to spare. The wonderful ease with which she was managed has settled all the doubts as to the safety with which she can enter our harbor. The highest speed she attained was seventeen knots an hour, and the ease with which she is managed is the greatest wonder of this marvellous specimen of naval architecture. She reached Cape May early on the morning of Tuesday, and remained an hour about six miles from the shore, where she received about two thousand four hundred visitors, who had come from all parts adjacent to see her. Every one was highly delighted, and cordially bore witness to her merits.

In the evening she started on her return to New York, which she reached next morning, passing the Highlands about seven in the morning. About half-past ten o'clock, she safely anchored midway between Hoboken and New York. We may have something more to say about this remarkable trip next week.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ON Friday night, the 27th of July, the steam large T. C. Durant, Captain Shoemaker, of Coeymans, Albany county, N. Y., left her dock east of North Moore street about six o'clock, with some fifteen passengers, including six women and some children. Shortly after getting out into the river a fire was discovered in the after part, under the main deck, near the boiler. The excitement among the passengers became very great, and the female portion ran about the docks screaming and acting in a most frantic manner. In a few moments the flames had made considerable headway, and in less than ten minutes the stern of the boat was enveloped in flames. The captain at once ordered her to be run ashore at Hoboken, and they were on their way when the steamboat Schnitz ran across her bow and attempted to take a line, but was unsuccessful. In the meantime, less excited persons had all they could do to prevent some of the passengers from leaping overboard. The pilot succeeded in running the barge alongside of a dock near the yacht club-house. Some of the firemen were already present, and in a few moments all the passengers, who were clustered together at the bow, were safely landed without accident. The firemen then directed their attention to battling the flames, which now raged fiercely, and by half-past seven o'clock had almost extinguished them.

The sudden fall of Bergen Hill to the extent of ten feet has filled the country with dismay, for although New Jersey is out of the Union, it is a pleasant thing to be viewed at a distance, just as a solemn old covens points at an editor as a memento mori—that is, what he may come to. It appears that New Jersey cannot abide water, and after the copious drink it received last Thursday the hill of Bergen retreated ten feet out of the way of the temperance deluge.

ON Saturday, the 21st of July, a terrible tornado visited Braceville, Ohio. This town is about forty-six miles east of Cleveland, and seven miles west of Warren, Trumbull county. Towards noon on Saturday the heavens were covered with thick, black clouds near the earth, and the rain began to fall. As these clouds advanced they seemed to separate, a portion rushing down upon the earth, and in this mass of cloud and accompanying it was the tornado. A Mrs. Galvin, who rushed out to protect her child, was killed by a bough which was torn from a tree, and dashed against her head. Several houses were swept away as clean as though a razor had shaved them from the earth. The damage was limited to about two miles in length and half a mile in width. The railroad depot, a substantial building, was completely demolished.

MORE than 6,000 strangers registered their names last Saturday at the New York hotels. Not even in the palmiest days of the Crystal Palace in this city has the influx of visitors been so great as during the last ten days. The Great Eastern is said to be the principal cause. Whether her coming here has paid the stockholders we cannot say; it has evidently paid New York.

The Vanderbilt and City of Baltimore sailed for England on the 28th, taking with them \$2,400,000 in specie and nearly 400 passengers. Among the latter was Mr. Fowler, the celebrated phonologist.

The Missouri Border Star says that for four hours on the 17th of July there was a hot sun in the southern parts of Kansas and Missouri so hot a blast that the glass rose to 110° in the shade. It scorched the face when incautiously exposed to it, and resembled more the hot air from a fiercely heated oven. Nothing like it has ever been remembered.

THAT has been the scene of one of the foulest murders ever committed. It was by a man named Whelan, who butchered his wife, when she was undressed, with a knife. Let us see if the law cannot be as wisely administered now as it was in the case of Hicks, and as it would be in France and England. As he confesses the deed, there can be no legal quibbles for our criminal acrobats to show their agility on.

The New York Sunday Atlas says: "The old Hunchback, which was burnt to the water's edge some time ago, has been rebuilt, and put on the line between New York and Staten Island, with but one less cost of paint, and that not dry, and only one chain-box for ballast. The danger attending such an experiment, with sometimes three hundred passengers on board, will at once suggest itself. Where are the steamboat inspectors? Is there no pail attaching to such negligence? On Thursday morning, on the eight o'clock trip from the island, horses and wagons were used to trim and balance the boat. This monopoly will probably take no heed until some terrible disaster occurs." The Deacon of the Atlas has some very severe remarks on the conduct of the landlady of the Pavilion, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, for refusing to shelter the women and children of the Catholic picnic, who were caught in the storm of the 29th, unless they paid twenty-five cents each for standing under his piazza; he also charged twenty-five cents a glass for water! Champagne would have been cheaper. The Deacon will observe that water is had enough to drink without having to pay for it.

MRS. SARAH BURNS keeps a lodging-house at No. 45 Elm street. On Friday afternoon a young lady, with a child about eighteen months old, called on Mrs. Burns and engaged rooms. After having been in the house a short time, the strange lady asked the landlady to take charge of her infant a few moments, while she ran around the corner to buy a few articles. Mrs. Burns consented, and the unknown mother departed. The child remained quiet for a time, but as hours passed and its mother did not return, it became exceedingly restless. Mrs. Burns was also alarmed, and began to think that she had become a mother without knowing it. She kept the child through the night, but next morning conveyed it to the station-house, and declared her anxiety to be released from her responsibility. The child was sent to the Superintendent of Out-door Poor.

At the request of Congressman Sickles, six candidates were examined on the 28th, by Superintendent Randall and Assistant Superintendent Jones, for recommendation by Mr. Sickles for appointment as cadets to the Military Academy at West Point, and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Garrett A. Leyscher, a member of the Free Academy, from Ward School No. 28, was the successful competitor for the former, and Charles F. Schultz, also of the Free Academy and School No. 28, for the latter.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on Saturday night, the 25th, to throw the New York Express train for Boston from the track, near Framingham, Mass., by placing sleepers across the rail. The train had been running at high speed, being behind time, but the engineer had just shut off steam as it was nearing the depot, when the engine struck the sleepers.





MONS. DE LAVE CROSSING THE PASSAIC FALLS, PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 180





INTERIOR OF BAILEY &amp; CO.'S JEWELLERY ESTABLISHMENT, 819 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

**BAILEY & CO.—THE JAPANESE IN PHILADELPHIA.**

THE visit of the Japanese Ambassadors to the store of Bailey & Co., 819 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, naturally attracted a considerable share of public attention to that establishment. It was one of the few private establishments to which they paid special visits of observation, and it gained this distinction by the leading position it has assumed as one of the most extensive manufacturing establishments in the United States.

The building occupied and owned by this firm, an engraving of which our readers will find in this number of our paper, is four stories in front on Chestnut street, and six stories back on Jayne street, being one hundred and seventy-five feet in depth, wholly fireproof, and lately erected at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars.

The front of the building is of fine white marble, has a large marble figure, representing Time, placed on a balustrade of the same material from the second story. A large regulating clock is placed in the centre of the third story, at which the marble figure is pointing with the left hand. The whole front is tastefully

and repairing of watches and chronometers, &c., and for engraving and burnishing.

The six stories of the building on Jayne street are used solely by the firm of Bailey & Co., who do all their own manufacturing. Steam power is used. They employ from fifty to seventy-five men constantly in the silver ware department, and generally



MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE TYCOON OF JAPAN, BY BAILEY &amp; CO., OF PHILADELPHIA.

ornamented, which makes the architectural effect neat and elegant.

The first and second stories front are sale-rooms, exceeding three hundred feet in length. The first floor has on one side a large stock of rich and fashionable jewellery displayed in glass cases, consisting of new styles, fine gold, diamonds and other precious stones, cameos, coral, topaz, lavas, bracelets, necklaces, &c.

On the other side of the store are gold and silver watches, clocks, watch and other chains; also the best and most extensive assortment of sterling silver ware to be found in this country, consisting of more than thirty different patterns of tea sets of six pieces each, dinner sets, two hundred and fifty dozen spoons and forks, a large number of morocco boxes, with fancy silver articles, all adapted for bridal and other presents, from five dollars to one hundred dollars in value. Heavy silver-plated ware of all descriptions, tea sets, waiters, cake baskets, castors, water pitchers, &c., &c.

In the second story sale-room are a large number of valuable paintings, rich gilt clocks and vases, bronzes of all descriptions, with a general assortment of fancy goods.

The third and fourth story front is devoted to watchmaking



FRONT VIEW OF BAILEY &amp; CO.'S JEWELLERY ESTABLISHMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. L. GERRARD.



THE VICTORIA BRIDGE MEDAL, TO BE PRESENTED TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

thirty men are engaged in the manufacturing of jewellery. The best workmen in the country are employed by this firm, which gives them great advantage over others in the trade who purchase articles at second-hand, in being enabled to guarantee the quality of the gold and silver from which the articles they sell are manufactured, and which constitutes their chief value.

The firm of Bailey & Co. prepared a beautiful and costly die, from which they struck a number of medals for the Japanese Embassy, which were presented to them when lately in Philadelphia. Fine gold ones were given to the princes, silver to others, and bronze, according to their office and rank. We give an engraving of this medal, showing one of the best heads of Washington that has ever been made. On the reverse, a beautiful wreath, with names of the donors in the centre.

**THE VICTORIA BRIDGE MEDAL.**

THE above engraving of the Victoria Bridge Medal represents a very appropriate and beautifully executed souvenir of this stupendous structure. The medal was designed and got up by Mr.



REVERSE OF VICTORIA BRIDGE MEDAL.







A faint chuckle broke from the lips of the old man. "The hand of the house dweller has always been raised against me and mine," he observed; "but not the last blow—not the last blow. Will you fulfil my dying wish?"

"If possible?" "I tell you it is possible," said Keelan, querulously. "And fitting," added the hero, patiently. "Like the world; the only good set I ever tried to do is balked." "Not so," replied Oliver Brandreth; "whatever your request may be, I pledge you my honor to grant it, if in my power as an honest man to do so." "Just lift me up a bit—the blood is a-chokin' me—mild, Kaled struck that blow—don't forget that. There, I can breathe better now. When I am dead, rip open the linen of my coat; you will find some papers there. Don't read 'em—promise me not to read 'em."

"I do promise you." "Well, well," continued the sufferer, fixing his eyes upon the countenance of the young man, "I almost think I may believe you. Find out the lord—the one that married Milly—and give them to him. He'll know what to do with 'em."

Our hero placed his hand upon the chest of the speaker to ascertain whether there really were any papers concealed as he described. Keelan feebly pushed it away.

"Not till I am dead," he murmured—"not till I am dead. And mind and tell Milly there are ten thousand ounces of silver. Real, all real," he added, in a tone of regret, as if he felt a pang at the thought of such a treasure ever becoming the property of another.

Farmer Deacon made several attempts to induce the dying man to pray; but at every pause the dying man interrupted him by wild, incoherent ravings about the plate-room and the broad lands of Alton Towers.

At the supreme moment he shook his clenched arm as if at some imaginary being, and exclaiming twice, "I have beggared yer! I have beggared yer!" expired with his words upon his lips.

"God save us all!" sighed the farmer, "and keep us from such an end!"

The crime and the circumstances attending it caused the two friends to remain a couple of days at Kotswood, in order to give their evidence before the coroner, upon whose warrant Kaled and his companions were committed upon the charge of wilful murder.

A cold, despairing shriek was heard amongst the crowd when the prisoners stepped into the van that was to convey them to prison. It came from Martha.

To avoid the necessity of reverting to so painful a theme, it may be as well to forestall events, and state here that a few months later the three ruffians paid the just penalty of their long career of vice and of their atrocious crime by an ignominious death on the gallows.

The prediction of the Romany mother was fulfilled.

## CHAPTER LXII.

THE daily papers were still teeming with reports of the trial when Oliver arrived in London. Great was his mortification at finding it had taken place in his absence, it was more so at finding that the triumphant result. The hope to which he had devoted himself was realized—the fame of his mother cleared beyond the breath of suspicion. Slander itself could no longer cast a doubt. Her son could claim her proudly in the face of the world, for the stain upon his name had disappeared.

"My poor father," he exclaimed to himself as he drove, his heart burning with indignation, to the residence of his parent in Regent's Park. "What must be his feelings? Remorse—despair!"

The arrival of our hero removed a terrible weight of suspense from the mind of his aunt and her daughter. The departure of Captain Brandreth—the letter, in which he declared his intention of abandoning his country for ever, had greatly alarmed them. Their only hope of inducing the unhappy man to return was in the influence of his son.

"Read!" said Mrs. Dalton, as soon as the first congratulations were over. "Self-reproach and sorrow have crushed him. Your presence might have sustained him."

"Why were you absent?" murmured Isabel.

"I cannot understand it myself," answered her lover. "John Compton told me the trial was put off. He never deceived me before."

"I remember," observed his aunt, "he said there was a motive; but read—read!"

Oliver broke the seal of the packet, which contained two letters, one addressed to himself—the other to his mother.

The first ran thus:

"MY DEAR BOY—Youth in its noble confidence and generous instincts has proved itself wiser than age. Had I trusted as you have done, happiness would not have been wrecked. I have been the fool of a mistaken sense of honor—the dupe of artifice reason should have spurned. For years I doubted even you; but I am puni dead, Oliver—deservingly punished. When I reflect upon my credulity it appears incomprehensible. When I dwell upon my conduct in driving the angel, who fled to her natural protector, from my side, it seems monstrous—a hideous dream—the act of a madman or a villain. So much for my crime. I admit it. It wrings my heart—for, despite the cause I have given you to doubt it, I still possess one—to write the humiliating confession to my own son, but justice exacts it, and I obey her dictates."

"Now then, Oliver, for my self-assigned punishment. From the hour you receive this, consider yourself free. Your deeply-wronged mother has a right to your undivided love; to her I resign you, and with it my entire fortune. Half-pay will more than suffice for an exile's wants."

"When you think the wife I have so deeply wronged can bear to hear the name of your wretched father, give her the inclosed letter; it contains neither justification or palliation of my conduct—either would be impossible—it simply attempts to explain it."

"Farewell, my son! May you be happy, as the consciousness of high integrity, unblemished honor, and the love of those who are dearest to you, can make you. Forgive, or if that is too much to ask, forget the errors of your parent."

"I foresaw this," exclaimed Oliver, greatly agitated. "My poor deceived, unhappy father!"

"Deceived!" repeated Mrs. Dalton; "you will say so when you know all. Mademoiselle Marell forged a letter, in which his wife was made to acknowledge herself guilty of the petty theft, and implore her *demi-sœur de compagnie* to screen her from the consequences."

"Is it possible such infamy can exist?" ejaculated her nephew.

"The wretch confessed it in open court," added Isabel.

"Have you seen my mother?" demanded our hero, thoughtfully. "Does she know of this?"

His aunt related her visit, after the trial, to John Compton, and his refusal to furnish her with the address of Mrs. Brandreth.

"He shall not refuse it to me," replied Oliver. "His conduct requires explanation. My heart sickens at this mystery, forbidding I know not what frolic disappointments."

To remain now with Isabel, while his feelings were thus racked, appeared impossible; with hurried adieux he started for the residence of his old friend, and learned that he was at Richmond, and followed him thither, in a state of excitement difficult to describe.

Herbert Lacy, his sister, John Compton and Bianca, were in the drawing-room, at the quiet abode of the former, when Oliver Brandreth made his appearance suddenly and unannounced.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed the broker.

"You have deceived me, sir," interrupted the youth; "the trial has taken place. I have been robbed of my right—the performance of a sacred duty; the arm that should have supported my dear, wronged mother in the presence of her traders—the affection that should have sustained and cheered her—were absent; other ears heard her innocence proclaimed—other lips pronounced the words of love and congratulation. It was my privilege to be the first to speak."

"She hears this now!" exclaimed Miss Lacy, casting aside the heavy gold-rimmed spectacles which she had hitherto worn in his presence, "and they repay her years of suffering, shame and sorrow. Come to the arms that long to clasp you—to the heart that beats as it would break its prison. Oliver, my boy! my boy! it is your mother blesses you."

Mrs. Brandreth would have fallen, so powerful was her emotion, had not her son caught her to his manly heart. With what transport he held her there, kissed aside her tears, pronounced the endearing name than which no word but one is more sacred!

Herbert Lacy and John Compton quietly led Bianca from the room; not even friendship had the right to linger on such a scene.

"You—you my mother?" murmured our hero. "Love has wondrous sympathies—chords that, untouched, can vibrate. I understand now why your dear voice, when first it fell upon my ear, caused such emotion in my soul. 'Twas Nature woke the echo of her music in my heart."

"Having once known you," sobbed the now happy woman, "proved the deep confiding tenderness of the protector God had raised me up, I dared not risk your presence on the trial. As Miss Lacy I might have seen you still, even had my hopes of vindicating my name been blighted."

"And as my mother—my dear, my honored mother?"

"Never," said Mrs. Brandreth, "never. That secret could only have been revealed upon my deathbed. But God has been merciful—more merciful than in my pining and impatience I deserved. You must teach me, Oliver, how to bear this happiness, and to thank Him."

Her son thought of his unhappy father, repentant and self-exiled. His name was on his lips, but he prudently restrained himself.

The hour for alluding to her husband had not arrived.

The shades of evening closed round the speakers, before their kind friends ventured to return.

"I suppose I am forgiven," said John Compton, holding out his hand to his young favorite.

"Forgiven!" repeated the latter, "can I ever sufficiently acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe you? Bianca, Mr. Lacy, congratulate me. Can you conceive my happiness?"

"Little did I imagine," observed the last-named gentleman, "when I received you at Rockingham Hall that I was sheltering my grand-nephew."

"Then you are not my mother's brother?" exclaimed Oliver.

"Only her uncle—half-uncle, by the father's side."

"And second parent," added Mrs. Brandreth, "who for my sake led the life of a recluse—concealed beneath the name of Lacy the more distinguished one of Sir Edward Vavasour."

Oliver remembered to have heard his aunt mention that he had a distant relative who had been knighted, and received the Order of the Bath for his

services on the medical staff in India. He was the holder of the mortgages upon the estate of the late baronet, and, as it afterwards proved, the heir to his title.

The next day the party at Richmond was increased by the arrival of Mrs. Dalton, Isabel, Phil and the brother of Bianca, to all of whom Oliver presented his mother by her long-abandoned name.

Nothing could be more affectionate than the meeting of the two sisters-in-law. Although separated for years, they had corresponded at intervals, and Mrs. Brandreth knew the debt of gratitude due to her friend for the maternal care bestowed upon her son.

For some time she had regarded Isabel as her daughter.

"You must be very happy," observed Phil, after congratulating his friend.

"Most happy," repeated the latter.

"My mother," observed the former with a sigh, "continues in the same hopeless lethargic state. The death of Lord Alton Towers occurred too late—her mind, I fear, is gone for ever. She does not even recognise Bianca."

"I believe," replied Oliver Brandreth, "that happiness never yet was found without some alloy; it appears to be one of the conditions of our being."

"You complain?"

"Our hero made no reply, his thoughts were of his father.

As our readers may suppose, some little time elapsed before the young men could tear themselves away from the circle in which their best affections centred. The first visit they made was to Lord Dalville and Milly, who both warmly congratulated Oliver on the result of the trial.

The death of the peer had relieved his victim from one fear that haunted her; she no longer dreaded a hostile meeting between her husband and her destroyer.

"You appear sad," she observed, taking the hand of Phil. "If you require the counsel of one whose experience and honor render capable of advising you, apply to my lord. If sympathy or consolation, apply to me."

The lover of Bianca described the sad state of his unfortunate parent. Lady Dalville listened attentively; she evidently interested her.

"Describe her appearance," she said.

"Her features are pale and—"

"The eyes," interrupted Milly—"the eyes. The pupils are distended?"

"Yes."

"And turn invariably from the light?"

"True," replied Phil. "It is one of the symptoms which puzzle her physician."

After a few moments' reflection, her ladyship inquired the name of his mother's medical attendant, and expressed a wish to see him.

"It is possible, but only just possible," she observed, "that I may be able to suggest a remedy. Why look so incredulous. Am I not an excellent nurse?"

Her former patient would have been ungrateful indeed to have questioned it, after the experience he had received in Naples.

"You are too kind, too cautious to speak, without some hope," he exclaimed.

"May I ask Dr. Dalrymple to call upon you?"

Milly regarded her husband.

"Certainly," said the latter, with a look of surprise, for, like the speaker, he too, felt puzzled by the request.

Before taking their leave the young men related their adventure in the wood near Kotswood, the death of Keelan and the arrest of his cowardly assassins. Lady Dalville quitted the room overcome with horror and pity at the fate of the old lady, whom she still believed to be her grandfather.

"It is a strange tale that you have told me," said his lordship, musingly.

"The strangest part is yet to come," observed Oliver.

"Indeed?"

"It was the last request of the murdered man that I should place this packet, which I found concealed between the lining of his coat, in your hands."

"In mine?"

"In yours, my lord."

"Did he name me?"

"Only as the lord who had married Milly," replied our hero. "Pardon my liberty in speaking of her ladyship by that name, I but quote his own words."

"Did he offer no explanation—assign no reason?"

"None; his mind soon after wandered; he raved about lands, money and a vast treasure of silver, but nothing clear and consequent."

Lord Dalville asked no further questions, but placed the packet in his pocket. Some remarks his visitors withdrew.

"You must have thought my request a singular one," said our heroine, as she entered the library an hour after their departure, and found her husband so intently occupied in the examination of some papers, that he did not notice her presence till she spoke.

"Simply because I did not understand the motive," replied his lordship.

"That explained, the singularity will disappear."

"My lord, my lord! your confidence and kindness will spoil poor Milly."

"From her son's description I am inclined to believe Lady Alton Towers' affliction has been produced by the use of the drug, a poisonous drug, whose preparation was well known by my wretched grandfather. It is one of the secrets, on the possession of which he prided himself as a means of influence and authority with the tribe."

"And are you acquainted with this dangerous secret?" inquired his lordship.

"No," answered his wife, "but I know the antidote, and Providence, perhaps, will permit me to become the humble instrument of defeating a fearful crime, and repairing," she added blushing deeply, "the involuntary wrong I did it victim."

"Victim," repeated his lordship, starting from his seat and clasping her fondly to his breast. "By heavens, I almost mourn that death has deprived me of the power of punishing the wretches who have made a far more precious victim. Milly," he added, "be not thus agitated. Look up. It is not of him I speak, but of the aged hypocrite you believed to be your grandfather."

"Believed?"

"He was an impostor—a felon; your birth by your mother's side, at least, was noble as my own. Read—read!"

Scarcely believing the evidence of her sight, Lady Dalville perused the document her husband placed before her.

"You, you!" he added, "were the heiress of the wealth your betrayer boasted—of the rank he disgraced. The barony is in me. You are a peeress of England in your own right, and your title is Lady Alton Towers."

"I am your wife," exclaimed the astonished Milly, clinging to him for support—"the world has not a prouder name; would I more deserved it. Do not force me to assume a rank that can bring neither happiness nor honor, that will deprive an innocent child of its inheritance—its mother of her name. Upon my knees, my lord, I ask it as an atonement for the wrong I ignorantly committed."

There was a pause for several instants, neither of them spoke.

"It is a serious request that you have made," observed her husband, gravely, "and one that ought not to be lightly answered. I speak not of the accession of wealth or rank; higher considerations—those of justice, are involved in it. I must reflect—inquire. Should there exist no collateral heirs, the injustice would extend no further than to yourself."

"For the present, at least," added he, "this discovery shall not be made public; I can promise you no more."

For this concession, temporary as it might ultimately prove, Lady Dalville felt most grateful. In honor her husband could promise nothing further.

The information which Milly imparted to Dr. Dalrymple and the physician who attended Lady Alton Towers threw a new light upon the nature of her insanity, and gave them serious hopes of treating it successfully, by their own unassisted skill.

"When you have failed," observed our heroine, "perhaps you will return to me, and condescend to employ my remedy."

"They did fail, as she foresaw; and with an amount of candor and good sense (we had almost said rare in professional men), returned to acknowledge it, and ask the nature of the draught she proposed."

"I cannot answer you," replied Milly, "for I am ignorant of the simplest principles of chemistry; all I know is, that it will prove efficacious."

She handed them a phial containing a liquid of a pale green hue.

"I do not even know the names of the herbs," she added, "from which I concocted it."

"If your ladyship will only point them out to us," suggested Dr. Dalrymple.

"Impossible."

One of the physicians ventured to ask in what the impossibility consisted.

"I will answer you, gentlemen," replied Lord Dalville. "My wife obtained her knowledge of the drug and its antidote under a solemn pledge of secrecy. It is for you to decide whether you employ the latter or not."

They did decide on using it, and so wondrous were the effects that in three days their patient gave signs of returning consciousness, but a much longer period elapsed before the reason of Lady Alton Towers was restored. Phil was the first person whom she recognized.

"Oh, missie, my lady," exclaimed the faithful negress, who, since her mistress's return to London, had never quitted her day or night, "you know old Samba?"

The sufferer murmured her name. The cure was complete, as far as madness was concerned, but the constitution of the patient hopelessly shattered by the sufferings she had undergone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Washington Correspondence.

July 28, 1860.

Secession is not confined to politicians, but is extending into the ranks of religionists. You are aware that we have a Methodist Church North and a Methodist Church South, each respectively believing or disbelieving in the "domestic institution."

It is difficult to see what religion has to do with the matter, or why they cannot worship the Universal God and permit him to settle the institution in the climate, soil and products he has seen fit to vouchsafe to different portions of the Republic. However, I do not set up to set down any dogma for the rival branches of the church of Wesley, but to chronicle the doings which have brought both before the public. Some twenty-seven members have recently gone over to the Church South, and their probable action has been for some time a source of much agitation in religious circles. They differed with some action of the Baltimore Conference, difficulty ensued, arbitration followed, which resulted in favor of the stewards of the Wesley Church, against whom some charges were preferred. The members then decided to

withdraw. It was thought that they would not carry out this determination, but they have done so, proceeding in a formal body, and carrying with them quite a large number of the Sunday school teachers and scholars to the Church South.

Hon. Miles Taylor, of Louisiana, Chairman of the Resident Democratic National Committee, Senator Pugh, of Ohio, and Hon. Albert Rust, of Arkansas, have issued an address to the Democracy of the United States which is attracting widespread attention. It is conceded on all hands to be a remarkably able document, and will give the Democratic editors of the country a considerable amount of political food to strengthen them in the exciting campaign which is scarcely yet opened. It makes sixteen closely printed pages of a pamphlet, and reviews the whole case of the Democratic crisis. It would be impossible to go through its simple story, but I will give your readers the headings of the important subjects so tersely discussed in the order in which they are presented. It reviews and gives the history of the Question of Slavery in the Territories; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; the Excuses for Altering the Cincinnati Platform; the Charleston Convention; the Excuses for the Secession there; What Occurred after the Secession at Charleston; the Adjournment to Baltimore; the Seceders' Convention at the former City; and their subsequent action in the States of Florida, Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Arkansas and Georgia; the Action and Secession at Baltimore; the Nomination of Douglas with a List of the Ballotings; the Seceders' Meeting and Nominations of Breckinridge and Lane, with the names of those by whom the nominations were made. It is, indeed, a most interesting and valuable paper, and the printing of the names of the entire Seceders' Convention places any unfairness out of the question. It appears by the facts and figures that Douglas was nominated by two hundred and twelve electoral votes, and Breckinridge by one hundred and five. Not contradicting the result of the Secession, the Breckinridge Committee desire to reply to the anterior action of parties, and are busy getting up an answer to Taylor, Pugh and Rust.

The city is comparatively dull, the weather sultry, and the chief political centres are around the respective committee-rooms of the politicians having in charge the Presidential prospects of Bell and Everett, Lincoln and Hamlin, Douglas and Johnson, and Breckinridge and Lane. I have not heard that the friends of Sam Houston have as yet opened a committee-room or issued any campaign documents.

Of the latter hundreds of thousands are scattered over the country. Every mail and express car leaves with precious burdens of "chunks of wisdom." Even the folders at the Capitol persevere in the arduous and patriotic labor of wrapping and packing "speeches for Buncombe."

I should have said above that the Taylor-Pugh-Rust address indignantly opposes and rejects any compromise with the Seceders, and will not tolerate any proposition for a joint electoral ticket. It speaks for the Committee.

The case of Ellis B. Schnable for chastising the editor of the *Constitution* is, I presume, the subject of considerable comment and justification by the distant press. It came up within the week before the Criminal Court, and a hearing was postponed until the next term. This was not effected without great persistency and ability on the part of his leading counsel, J. H. Bradley. Schnable presented an affidavit to the effect that there was a conspiracy against him to keep him out of the political ring, and that the article in the *Constitution* was gotten up to seduce him into a breach of the peace or into a prison. He claimed that he had witnesses to prove it, and also to prove that Judge Black had admitted to others that which he, Schnable, testified to before the Covode Committee, which is the secret of the conspiracy against him. It was a shrewd plea and sufficiently well supported to continue the case over to next term.

The other prominent case before the Criminal Court, charging Colonel Culom, of Tennessee, formerly Clerk of the House of Representatives, with embezzlement, by receiving from certain Members of Congress vouchers and receipts for books, as though he had furnished them with said books, when none had been furnished, and then showing upon the vouchers money to pay for the books from the Treasury, has been closed. After arguments were heard from Mr. Bradley and J. M. Carlisle for defense, and the District Attorney Ould for the Government, the indictment was quashed and the ex-clerk cleared.

Appropos of the House of Representatives, it is the subject of much mal-treatment. It is again a scene of much excitement and dissipation. At the last session it was ordered that the stationary seats should be removed, and the old desks, or rather the new ones, which had been but recently displaced, with the carved chairs, should be restored. At the work of demolition the carpenters went. All the benches were dislocated, the flooring ripped up—for it needs a new arrangement of flooring every time a change is made—a new flooring almost laid down, when to behold, some one finds out, or remembers that the House, although it ordered a transmigration, ought to make an appropriation for that purpose. Instantly screw-drivers made "nary a turn." The clink of hammers closing rivets up was heard no more, and to take a liberty with Shelley, one might say:

"Lost echo sits amid the voiceless lobbies."

All work is stopped, and the hall is left lamenting. Some grumblers and hopeless wailers in this perceptive a latest indication of the dissolution of the Union, and the future uselessness of the place where once "the Representatives of a united people were wont to dispense the blessings of a wise legislation."

Our Fourth District School is rising in repute. The model class have entered into competition with New York, at the invitation or challenge of the latter on a thesis of history. The Washingtonians won the prize, which, of course, is the subject of much congratulation. The school is conducted by Miss Addison. At the recent examination a very creditable display was made, and a new version of "Yankee Doodle," written by T. Seaton Douko, author of "Ivy Wall," sung. Much of the success of this District School is owing to the energy of Dr. Ironside, the Trustee.

The death of the venerable Joseph Gales, senior editor of the *National Intelligencer*, on last Saturday, deeply affected this city. Although the excellent gentleman had been debilitated for some years, and his death might have been expected, still the people never contemplated the probability of his departure. At the recent year 1786, and came to the country with his father about the year 1786. He was educated in Raleigh, N. C., and in the period of his manhood to last Saturday was connected with the *National Intelligencer*. He had completed his seventy-fourth year.

His funeral on Tuesday gave touching testimony to the esteem in which he was held by the whole community. It took place from the residence of the deceased at Eckington, and was probably the largest cortege that has ever followed a citizen of Washington to the grave. It was deeply suggestive, also, in the number of old men brought together—men who had been the legal giants of the Supreme Court; old retired merchants, with whose boy-day the guns departed was familiar; venerable newspaper men who had been the associates or assistants of that famous editor, old printers, old reporters, old friends, surrounded, as with a guard of honor, by the middle-aged who had enjoyed the friendship and counsel of Mr. Gales, and the younger blood who had been taught to reverently lap his name. The President attended, as also the acting Mayor, W. T. Dove, Esq., and the Corporation with its officers, delegations from the Associations of Georgetown and Alexandria, the Typographical Society, Bookbinders' Association, and over one hundred carriages of the citizens. The City Hall, Congressional Globe and *National Intelligencer* offices were draped in mourning, as also was Gaspari's hotel and other places along the line of the funeral. Most of the stores were closed, the bells were tolled, and every manifestation of a sorrowing city for one of its best citizens exhibited.

Mr. Gales was buried in the Congressional Burying Ground, not far from the tomb of Henry Clay, of whom he was so ardent a friend in life.

Another death, which suggests historical reminiscences, has taken place—that of the widow of the gallant Commodore Bearss, of Georgetown, at the age of eighty-four. Her obsequies were performed in Trinity Catholic Church, the quiet and unostentatious has been her life in Georgetown for years, that the announcement of her demise was the first intelligence many had of her residence there.

## ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT OF A MAN FOR A MONKEY.

We often hear of women who are romantically attached to their husbands, but seldom of men who are fond of monkeys. A case of this congenial disposition has just occurred in New York. A seaman, named Mark Woods, who has for some time past been boarding at 175 South street, and in whose infancy a very intelligent monkey, which he christened Jocko in its infancy, became rather short of funds, and was compelled to put his pet up at a raffie. The chances were taken, and poor Jocko was raffied off for the sum of \$40, Mr. W. E. Allen becoming the fortunate possessor of the little mischievous creature. Woods was much grieved to part with his old friend Jocko, who had shared with him many voyages around "the Horn," and resolved if possible to repossess him. Accordingly, he proceeded to Allen's place of business, and, under some pretext, succeeded in carrying Jocko off to the ship on which he had engaged to sail in a short time. Mr. Allen procured the services of Officer Craig, of the Fourth Precinct, and on Tuesday night Woods was arrested on a charge of stealing the monkey, and locked up in the Fourth Ward station-house, to await examination.

The past week has given another remarkable case of "murder will out." A man named Baverden, residing at No. 46 Sax or street, has been arrested by Officer Dowling, charged with murdering Juan Gutierrez, above a year ago. It appears that this Baverden kept a disreputable den, and that one of his inmates had intrigued the wretched victim to unboly passion into Baverden's den of iniquity. It being discovered that he had several hundred dollars on his person he was murdered, and his body carried to the street. When found the next morning an inquest was held, and the verdict was "Death from apoplexy." Two of Baverden's girls being at Blackwell's Island, their conversation about this murder was overheard, and their former associate is in custody.





THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HIS HONOR BY THE AUTHORITIES OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

#### Receiving the Address from the Mayor of St. John's.

We gave in our last paper a sketch of the arrival of the Prince at St. John's, and now continue our illustrations. As we announced in our last, he arrived at St. John's on the 23d July, but was prevented by the rain storm from landing till the next noon, when he was received with regal honors. In the course of the day various addresses were presented to him, the first being by the Mayor of St. John's. It was a very neat and loyal composition, sounding somewhat strange to an American ear, but which nevertheless must touch every heart, more or less, inasmuch as it

is an evidence of manly appreciation of the womanly virtue which now adorns the throne of England; for we will not disgrace the intelligence of an age which has produced a Garibaldi and a Great Eastern, by conceding for an instant that the welcome which the son of Victoria has received is paid merely to the Prince.

The answer, therefore, of the royal youth is doubtless the honest expression of his heart. After receiving with a very pleasant smile a copy of the address from the Mayor, the Prince handed the document to the Duke of Newcastle, and made the following response:

I sincerely thank you for the addresses presented to me, and for the hearty welcome received from all on my landing on the shores

of this, the earliest colonial possession of the British crown. I trust you will not think me regardless of your zealous loyalty if I acknowledge these addresses collectively.

It will afford me the greatest satisfaction to report to the Queen the devotion to her crown and person unmistakably evinced by the reception of her son, eloquently expressed in the addresses from the various bodies in this town and Harbor Grace. I am charged by the Queen to convey to you the assurance of the deep concern she has felt in this interesting portion of her dominions. I shall carry back a lively recollection of this day's proceedings, and of your kindness to myself personally; but, above all, of those hearty demonstrations of patriotism which prove your deep-rooted attachment to the great and free country of which we all glory to be called the sons.

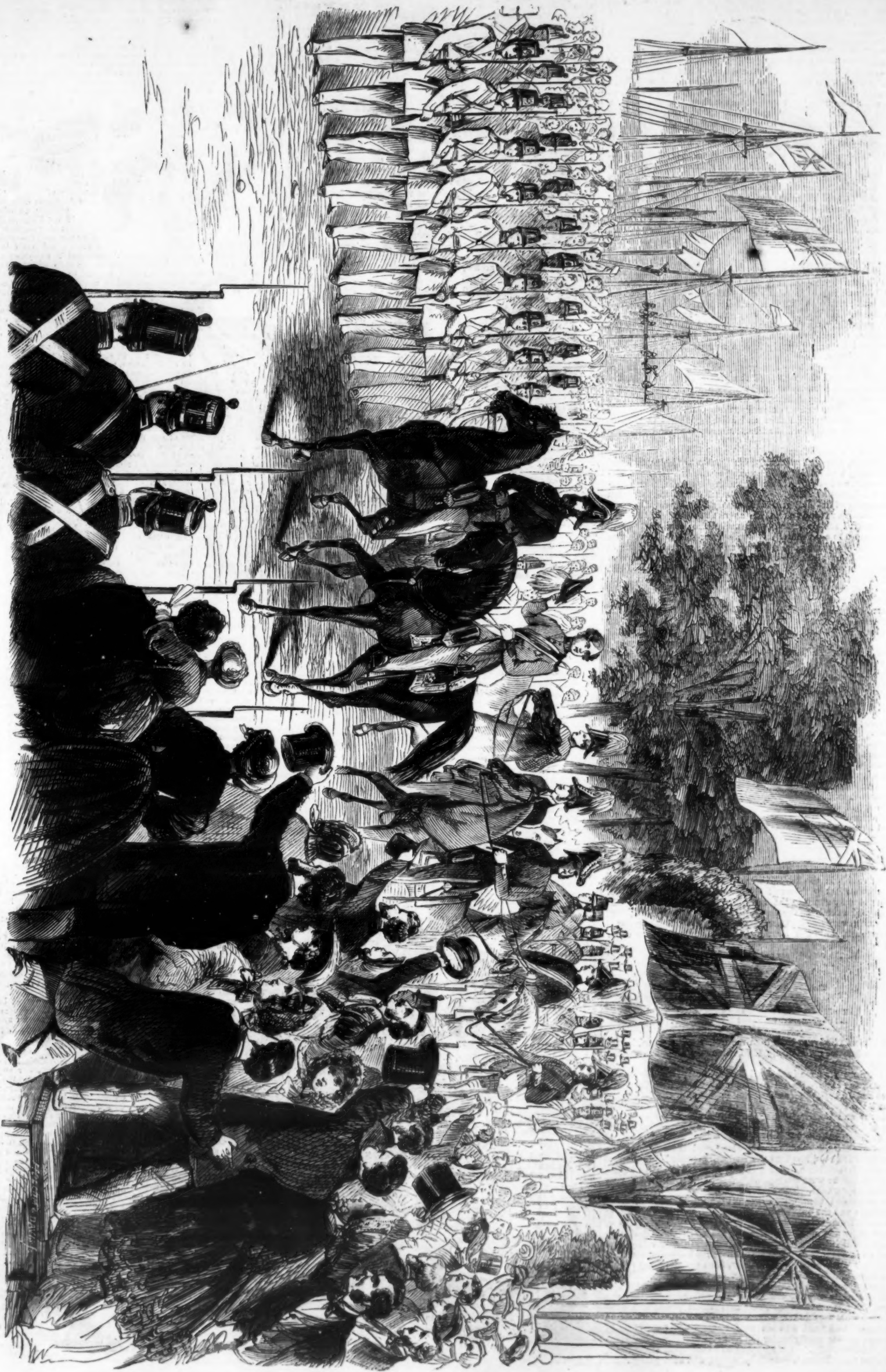
(Continued on page 184.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING THE ADDRESS FROM THE MAYOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, FOR HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





# THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

(Continued from page 182.)

After this ceremony the Prince rode out in the environs, and dined at the Government House, where there was a select party to meet him. From thence he proceeded to the ball.

## The Grand Ball at St. John's.

In order to give the fair sex of Newfoundland an opportunity of seeing their future sovereign, a grand ball was arranged to take place at the Colonial House. An immense pavilion, representing a tent, was erected, and profusely decorated with flags, banners and ribbons. Beautiful pictures were also placed at various recesses, giving a very brilliant and artistic appearance. The bands of H. M. S. Hero, and of the various regiments now in attendance, had greatly enhanced the pleasure of the evening. The whole city was illuminated, and never had the loyal little city looked more gay and loyal.

A dais was erected in the grand saloon for his Royal Highness. This was canopied with the crown plumes of the Prince of Wales, the English coat of arms and the ancient motto, *Ich Dien—I serve*. There were thousands of persons of all ranks present. The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with loud, enthusiastic and prolonged cheers—the bands playing "God save the Queen." The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a British colonel. He was accompanied by the Earl of St. Germain, who was dressed in blue, with a badge, and the Duke of Newcastle, who wore his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half-past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company was not very good. The Prince very affably and good-naturedly corrected some of the blundering dances, and every now and then called out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, as he fully proved in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas and quadrilles. While he danced he was repeatedly cheered, and he very properly took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance.

The people everywhere are greatly delighted. The unpretending and genial disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts. The noblemen who attended his Royal Highness did not mingle in the festivities of the dance. The ball was closed at three o'clock this morning; but before leaving the Prince and suite expressed themselves greatly pleased at the cordial and affectionate reception accorded them.

## A St. John's paper thus describes the Prince:

The Prince, although youthful-looking, is a well proportioned and certainly a pleasant-looking young man. He is about medium height, and of fair complexion, with brown hair, and particularly brilliant hazel eyes. He has much about the formation and character of his face, and particularly in its prevailing expression, which reminds one of his august mother. His manner was easy and self-possessed, even under the somewhat trying circumstances to a person of his age, standing in front of some thirty or forty strange men, to hear an address read by one of them dressed in a black gown and gray wig. In the process of this reading a stray and evidently irrepressible smile passed like a very slight flash of sunshine over his face, but his emotions were so well under control that this could only be discovered by the close observer.

A correspondent who was at the ball speaks very warmly of the agreeable manners of the Heir of England, and says that he was very chatty with his fair partners, and soon put them at ease. There was a total absence of that patronizing air which our Fifth Avenue bloods assume when they condescend to dance with a rustic. In a word, he has been well brought up, and openly showed how much he was pleased with the respect everywhere expressed for his excellent mother.

## He Leaves St. John's for Halifax.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, all St. John's was astir, as it was to be the day when he would re-embark on the Hero for Halifax.

About half-past ten the Prince appeared on horseback, accompanied by his suite, and was received with loud and fervent cheers.

The wharf was thoroughly blockaded by a dense crowd, who cheered incessantly. The soldiers of the Newfoundland Company were drawn up in line inside of the wharf, and the volunteers occupied a prominent position outside. The numerous seats provided for the accommodation of the public were soon appropriated by the ladies, who took the utmost interest in the proceedings, the government officials, the Judges, Justices and the Attorney-General, most of the latter of whom were dressed in full official costume, with flowing robes and wigs.

The whole of the house-tops in the vicinity, and the masts and yards of vessels in the harbor were covered with people. The harbor was filled with small craft dressed in rainbow colors, sporting merrily about in the tranquil waters of the bay. The bells chimed sweetly as the procession advanced, and the interest of the scene every moment became greater. The Prince appeared on horseback, followed by the various Societies in the order given—

The Union Engine and Axe Fire Companies.  
The North British and Highland Societies.  
The Charitable Irish Society.  
The St. George's Society.  
The Carpenters' Charitable Society.  
The African Society.  
The Sons of Temperance.  
The Halifax Catholic Total Abstinence Society.  
The Volunteer Artillery and Rifle Companies.  
Her Majesty's Forces.

The Masonic body, at their own request, were stationed immediately in front of the Masonic Hall, where an arch was erected by them.

The Prince was received by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, the Major-General commanding the troops, the Chief Justice and Judges, the President and members of the Legislative Council, the Speaker and members of the House of Assembly, the Mayor and Corporation, the Custos and High Sheriff, the heads of departments, and the members of the Executive Managing Committee.

His Royal Highness rode slowly along, and the various trade processions followed him into the enclosure, preceded by a great band of school children, dressed in white garments. All the vessels in the harbor were covered with flags, and presented a very beautiful appearance. The Prince passed along the whole length of the procession, then, uncovering his head, took leave of Lady Bannerman and the officials, and stepped into the barge in waiting for him. His suite immediately followed, and then the guns of the war ships and of the citadel belched forth their deafening thunders, which were reverberated through hill and valley, and echoed back again. At the same moment loud cheers arose from the manned yards of the vessel-of-war, from the merchant vessels and smaller craft, and from the shore. As a pleasing incident, it was generally observed that the commander and crew of his Imperial Majesty's war steamer *Sesostris* entered fully into the general interest of the occasion. This noble vessel was gallily decorated with flags and streamers, and all the yards were manned in honor of the Prince, who was pulled alongside of the Hero in his barge, passing nearly under the bows of the steamer of England's "faithful ally." On stepping on to the deck of the Hero, the Prince turned round, gracefully bowed, and then retired.

The day was observed as a general holiday throughout the city. There were boat races at Quiddividi, fireworks and illuminations, and the people was on one rush of excitement, which could scarcely be beaten in New York. The whole of the ladies and a great many of the men are enthusiastic about the Prince's good looks, manners and deportment. It is a common saying through the streets that as long as England has such kings she will never want subjects. All the country folks for miles around are now in the city, enjoying the holiday, drinking, funning, carousing and making merry generally.

## The Prince at Halifax.

The Hero arrived at Halifax on Sunday afternoon, and anchored off the town, amid the royal salutes from the fleet and batteries. At noon on Monday the Prince landed, and the people received him in the most enthusiastic manner. Both Monday and Tuesday had been proclaimed public holidays, thus presenting the rare opportunity of three days successive recreation.

About twelve o'clock the Prince landed at the dockyard, and received an address congratulating him on his arrival. He wore a colonel's uniform and rode on horseback to the Government House. Emerging from the gates of the dockyard, the procession passed through a double file of troops and volunteers to the Government House. Here were a number of triumphal arches erected in the streets, including Cunard's arch, with a steamship on the top of it, the Volunteer Artillery arch, built of military trophies, the Mayor's arch, the Archbishop's arch, a very handsome Ecclesiastical arch, the Masonic arch, and a number of other very handsome arches, all of which were beautifully decorated.

On the parade the firemen turned out with a "trophy" fifty feet high, surmounted by a colossal figure holding a hose pipe. Thirty-five hundred children of the schools also were present in white and blue, and sang the national anthem, "God Save the Queen."

## THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER, MASS.

We give in our present paper a spirited picture of the College Union Regatta, which was held at Worcester, on Tuesday, the 24th July, in the presence of nearly fifteen thousand persons. The lake on which it was held is called Quinsigamund by the refined few, and Long Pond by the vulgar many. It is a most beautiful sheet of water shut in by hills, which embosoms it like an amphitheatre. All around the shores seats had been erected, which were graced by a collection of those living flowers called ladies. Never were such human nosegays seen as we saw on the present occasion. After all, the roses and lilies of the field are nothing to those of the boudoir!

The streets of Worcester were crowded with strangers from all parts of the country, assembled to witness the regatta. College graduates, who have still a great interest in boating, especially when their favorite clubs are engaged, were very numerous; and the boating fraternity generally from other places were largely represented. Many of the celebrated champions of former days were present, among whom were young Agassiz and Ellison, of Massachusetts, Ward, of New York, and others. They manifested a great interest in the college races. The hotels were all overflowing, and neither love nor money could secure a person an opportunity to more than "stand around" the premises.

There was a large party present from New York city; also, parties from Providence; and Connecticut delivered a full current of friends of the Yale and Brown boats. Harvard's friends were equally numerous. The boats and crews of Harvard, Yale and Brown arrived at Worcester on Saturday, and on Monday the crews of each boat were out for practice nearly all day.

The College Union Race is, strictly speaking, confined to the champion crews of the different colleges, and was last year rowed by them alone. This summer, however, two minor races preceded the match for the championship. The Freshmen of Yale challenged the Harvard Freshmen, and the Yale Sophomores challenged the Harvard Sophomores to a three mile race in clinker-built boats, or lapstreaks. The Harvard crews have brought hither two genuine lapstreaks, in accordance with the terms of the challenge; but the Yale students entered two boats which looked exactly like shells, and were loudly asserted to be in reality shells and not lapstreaks. On minute inspection, those who are best qualified to judge of boats pronounced the boat of the Yale Sophomores to be a fair lapstreak, although in appearance a shell, and the Freshmen boat to be a shell in fact. The Harvard Freshmen, however, felt too certain of winning to enter any protest, and the shell was allowed to enter as a lapstreak.

The race was a distance of a mile and a half and return, and the prize a flag, to be kept until beaten.

The following were the entries, and a description of the boats and crews:

### FIRST RACE—FRESHMEN.

Thetis (Harvard Freshmen)—C. W. Amory, E. D. Boit, A. Lawrence, J. C. Warren, W. Greenough, H. S. Dunn. Uniform, white shirts and orange-colored handkerchiefs. Length, forty feet.  
Glycys (Yale Freshmen)—Thomas D. Cimbali, Wm. G. Grant, Theodore C. Bacon, Henry C. Gwin, Edward L. Keyes, John H. Woodruff, James H. Eskin, coxswain. Uniform, light blue caps and white shirts. Length, forty-five feet.

### SECOND RACE—SOPHOMORES.

Thulia (Yale Sophomore Boat)—Grosvenor Starr, Henry P. Johnson, William B. Seeley, Richard Morse, W. L. McClintock, Israel Minor, Jun., Jacob S. Hockes, coxswain. Uniform, white throughout. Length, forty-five feet.  
Harvard Sophomore Class Boat—H. H. McBurney, stroke, H. Mather, J. Read, William Hedge, W. T. Washburn, A. Sibley. Uniform, white shirts, handkerchiefs trimmed with blue. Length, thirty-eight feet.

### THIRD RACE—UNIVERSITY BOATS.

Brown—P. S. Justram, C. D. Cady, E. P. Brown, O. Lapham, A. M. Bowen, E. H. Sears, W. H. Ames, coxswain. Uniform, salmon-colored shirts and black handkerchiefs.  
Yale—Henry L. Johnson, Charles S. Stanton, Jun., William E. Bradley, Edward F. McKinney, Eugene L. Richards, Brayton Ives, Charles G. Merrill, coxswain. Uniform, blue handkerchiefs and white shirts. Length, forty-eight feet.  
Shell Boats and Picked Crews (Harvard)—Casper Crowninshield, stroke, C. M. Woodward, E. G. Abbott, W. H. Kerr, Henry Ropes, J. H. Wales, bow. Uniform, white shirts, red handkerchiefs. Length, forty feet.

The following were the umpires for the race: From Harvard, J. H. Ellison; Yale, Charles H. Owen; Brown, S. V. Woodruff; and Nathaniel Paine, of the Atlanta Club of Worcester, was selected as referee.

The boats came in in the following order:

### FIRST RACE.

Thetis (lapstreak), of Harvard College, Freshman Class. Time, 19 min. 40 sec.  
Glycys (lapstreak), of Yale College, Freshman Class. Time, 20 min. 20 sec.

### SECOND RACE.

Harvard (lapstreak), Sophomore Class. Time, 20 min. 17 sec.  
Yale (lapstreak), Sophomore Class, Yale College, distanced.

### THIRD RACE—SHELL BOATS.

Harvard, of Harvard College. Time, 16 min. 55 sec.  
Yale, of Yale College. Time, 19 min. 5 sec.  
Brown, of Brown University. Time not taken, an accident occurring.

The time made by the Harvard, in the last race, is exactly the same as made on the 4th of July on Charles river, and is the best ever made in this country. The distance pulled was three miles.

This closed the races. The flags were presented by Mr. S. V. Woodruff.

# BUYING A DUKEDOM.

By Dudley Costello.

I.

Amongst the passengers who landed at Havre, last October, from the New Orleans steamer *Alligator*, was Hannibal T. Pollywog, a smart young Southerner, the owner of a large cotton plantation near Madisonville, on Lake Pontchartrain, La. He was about five-and-twenty, had succeeded to his property shortly after coming of age, and during those four years had piled up a handsome stack of dollars, which he now brought to Europe to scatter.

Of French origin—though you would scarcely have supposed so from his name, which had been sadly corrupted—all his inclinations were French, and to the land of his forefathers he came to perfect himself in French accomplishments. Raised in a country where the French language still lingers, and endowed by beneficent Nature with the gift of speaking through his nose, Hannibal T. Pollywog had easily overcome the difficulty of pronunciation—that stumbling-block to the obtuse Briton—and all he wanted to put him on a level with the newest subjects of the Empire, the enlightened Savoyards, was fluency of speech like theirs.

To acquire this—to acquire also other graces in which Frenchmen excel—Hannibal T. Pollywog no sooner reached Paris—whither he went by the first train as soon as he had cleared the Custom-house—than he entered himself at the dancing academy of Monsieur Padeloup, in the Rue St. Honoré; took lessons of Monsieur Criard, the singing-master of the Place des Victoires; and became an *abbonné* at the *salle d'escrime* of Monsieur Flamberge in the Passage Cheval. Under three such distinguished professors his progress was necessarily rapid—not so rapid, however, as his desires—and his yearning to become a perfect Frenchman manifested itself in his conversation with everybody he met. Hannibal T. Pollywog's ambition was a laudable ambition; for what can a man wish for more, in these piping times, than to annex himself to *la grande nation*, while yet the act is voluntary? and he could have declared it nowhere more advantageously than in Paris, for the declaration at once procured him a host of friends. It flatters one's self-love so greatly to be told that another seeks to resemble one, and when the seeker happens to be rich, there are other considerations which may influence the listener in assisting his views.

However influenced, whether by self-love or self-interest, by both or neither—in which latter case similarity of disposition, good-nature or whatever you please, may be supposed to have operated—certain it is that he, of all Parisians, who most agonized a natural and prompt alacrity in proclaiming himself the friend of Hannibal T. Pollywog, was Henri de Haudecœur, Vicomte de la Camargue, a nobleman of unparalleled merit and vast possessions; the former patent to all the world, the latter to be seen—or heard of—in that fertile district which forms the *déla* of the Rhone.

It was in the fencing-room of Monsieur Flamberge that the Royalist and the Republican first met—for it is needless to say that the Vicomte, the possessor of one of the oldest, if not, in fact, the most ancient title in France, was the uncompromising supporter of Royalty, even in the day of its extremest decadence—and their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. They had practised, one day in particular, a *belle*, which the Vicomte—no tyro with the foil—had kindly undertaken to teach the young American, who greatly admired it because it was a dodge, and when they sat down, in the exultation of having learnt something worth knowing, Hannibal T. Pollywog expanded, morally, I mean, as well as in a physical sense.

"Viscount," said Hannibal, who never failed to address him by his title, as if it flavored what he had to say, "can you guess the reason why I work so hard to get up my fencing, and dancing and singing, and all that sort of thing?"

The Vicomte had never ventured to penetrate his distinguished friend's intentions. "It was the pleasure of learning those arts, he presumed?"

"A little more than that, Viscount," was the reply. "They wouldn't fructify much at Madisonville, if I was to home again; but that's not how I mean to fix it. I've come to Paris to stay here, and qualify myself for the best society—not common doings, but the real grit, the Faubourg St. Germain, you understand!"

"But you are gratified already," returned the Vicomte, with the politest bow.

"Not far short, perhaps, Viscount; but what's the use of a key if it don't fit the lock you want to open? My knowledge of things is thrown away if I've no means of showing 'em off!"

"That," said the Vicomte, smiling, "is an imaginary obstacle; your wish may be realized at any moment you please. I will tell you how," he went on, anticipating Hannibal's question. "You desire to enter the salons of the Faubourg? We, who belong to it, fully appreciate the compliment you are disposed to pay us. Listen. At the very head of that society—I say so without vanity, our position being too well recognized—is my own aunt, the Marquise de Moullefarine. If you permit me, I will do myself the honor of presenting you to-morrow evening."

Hannibal warmly grasped the Viscount's hand. They must dine together that day—the Viscount as Hannibal's guest—at Philippe's in the Rue de Montorgueil, at the Frères Provençaux, wherever the best dinner was to be had. The restaurant was easily found, the dinner eaten, the wine drunk, the friendship cemented, so absolutely, in fact, that before they separated for the night, it was agreed that their *menage* should henceforward be in common; the Vicomte, who knew Paris, paying all the bills, and Hannibal, who desired to know it, merely finding the money, of course only until the remittances from La Camargue arrived, the Viscount confessing that the oil crops, the vine crops, the silk crops, all the crops, in short, had been bad on his estates, as indeed, was likely enough to be the case in a district whose produce is nothing but salt and stones.

Henri de Haudecœur was one of those energetic men who, in common parlance, never suffer the grass to grow under their feet, give them an opportunity, and they make the most of it. He had been waiting some time for his opportunity, and at last he found it in Hannibal T. Pollywog. That aspiring youth was still in bed, on the following morning, when the Viscount came to announce that he had engaged a magnificent suite of apartments in the Place Vendôme; had made arrangements with Bryon, of the Rue Basse du Rempart, for one of his most splendid carriages, with horses and livery servants, all complete; had secured a *cordon bleu* from Vefur, when they made their *menu* at home; had done everything, in short, that was necessary to be done, if you wish to instruct a stranger in the art of living in Paris.

They embraced, as a matter of course, the first movement being made by the Viscount; then they breakfasted; then they proceeded to take possession of their new apartments, and so forth; and in evening the Viscount nobly fulfilled his promise of introducing his American friend to the Marquise de Moullefarine.

II.

SHE was a lovely creature, the Marquise de Moullefarine, with her raven hair, her flashing eyes, her damask cheek, her superb figure, all entrancing the beholder, whether gazed upon in the twilight of private life, or seen amid the meridian blaze of a glittering crowd. Her virtues were not less conspicuous than her personal charms, piety claiming the first place amongst them; and to such an extent, that had it been the fashion to dedicate churches to Parisian ladies, Notre Dame de Lorette would assuredly have been dedicated to Aglaé de Moullefarine. To be an aunt, the Marquise was uncommonly young—young, also, to be a widow—but it does not rest with ourselves to choose the time when we enter the world, neither, alas! can we select the moment for those whom we adore to go out of it. These are events which we are all compelled to submit to; and the Marquise submitted to them with a grace and resignation that were truly touching. The great sorrow of her life was, of course, her widowhood; for in other respects she had little to complain of, beauty being hers, and fortune too; the lamented Marquis having left her sole mistress of all he possessed. She lived in a splendid hotel in the Rue de Grenelle (St. Germain), into which, her period of mourning just over, she had very recently removed, and if Hannibal T. Pollywog had not instantaneously been transfixed by the bright glances of the charming widow, the probability is that he would have fallen in love with her furniture, every article of which was new and of the most costly description.

"I do not receive yet," said the Marquise, with a half-subdued sigh, as her kinsman presented the young American, "that is to say, I do not admit all the world—only a select few of my nearest relatives—but the chosen companion of my beloved nephew is an exception, in whose favor all rules are broken. Welcome to the Faubourg, Monsieur Pollywog, as that name is difficult for me—you have another; let me call you Monsieur Annibal. You are fond of the opera, no doubt? I give you the *entree* of my loge. The gaiety of that scene will assist me in the effort to make you known to the friends I meet there."



The seventh heaven is a tame figure of speech by which to express the rapture of Hannibal T. Pollywog at this cordial reception. As from the summit of another Pisgah, he beheld the promised land spread out at his feet, happier than Moses in the assurance that he should live to enjoy it.

"I owe you everything, Viscount," he said to Henri de Haudecœur, on their way home, after such an evening as Hannibal had never passed before.

"Ah! I repay myself by your friendship," returned the Viscount, pressing the American's hand. "How do you like my aunt?" Hannibal's enthusiasm could only be expressed in his native tongue.

"I calculate a more all-fired splendid critter don't walk!" But observing that his eulogy was unintelligible to the Viscount, he translated himself as well as he was able.

It is the common reproach of the misanthrope to stigmatize the world as hollow and insincere. Timon himself could not have said this of its two greatest ornaments—the seductive Marquise and the brilliant Viscount. They had no reserves for Hannibal T. Pollywog, but kept their word with him in every particular.

Is it then to be wondered at that the more he saw of Aglaé the more madly he adored her?

One evening, when a fortunate chance left him alone with her, he boldly declared his passion.

With a look of *attendrissement*, sad, yet sweet, the Marquise acknowledged a reciprocal sentiment; but alas!—and her dark eyes filled with tears—there was an insurmountable bar to their union. Of the noblest descent herself—"née Tablier de Foulard"—was on her card, as well as her married name of Mouillefarine—her relations, one and all, would rise in arms against her if she dared to dream of wedding with an untitled Republican. The rigorous laws of society condemned her to this misery! Even the Emperor, if the intention transpired, would oppose the unequal marriage.

At this unexpected revelation, Hannibal T. Pollywog felt—to use his own phrase—as if he could have whipped his weight in wild cats; and when he smoked his nocturnal cigar with the Viscount he gave utterance to his sense of desolation.

"I'm a gone coon," he said, employing an equivalent French metaphor, "if this here can't be unfixed."

The Viscount assumed the air of a man who reflects deeply. After a silence of some minutes, during which a fine Lopez was entirely consumed, he spoke:

"Your situation, my friend, is grave, but not altogether hopeless. I think I know of a remedy."

This was all he said on that occasion; but on the following day he was more communicative. He had been absent from the hotel for a couple of hours, and when he returned his brow was radiant.

"Annibal," he exclaimed, "dismiss your care! The Marquise shall be yours! But you must pay for your happiness."

"Explain!" said Hannibal, divided between hope and fear.

"The Pope's Nuncio," replied the Viscount, "is now in Paris. He has come here to raise money for the Holy Father, on property of the Church. Amongst other objects which he is commissioned to hypothecate—or rather to sell—is the title of Santa Polvere, which conveys the title of Duke, with the *palazzo* and surrounding territory."

"What's the figure?" asked Hannibal.

"A bagatelle for a man in love. Only a hundred thousand francs."

The American's sallow cheek grew sallow. "That's twenty thousand dollars."

"I believe you are right," observed the Viscount, indifferently. "The nature of the coin is of no consequence."

"But the amount is," replied Hannibal.

"Be it so. Yet to be Duke of Santa Polvere is something; and to marry the Marquise—"

"Shut up. *Taisez-vous!*" said Hannibal. "It's a pokerish sum, but I'll give it."

If the Viscount had been endeavoring to secure his own happiness he could not have looked more delighted.

"The Marquise," he said, "gives a soirée this evening, to which the Nuncio has, like other distinguished foreigners, a general invitation. I will let him know that he is to meet you. He will, doubtless, be prepared with the parchment, and your cheque may as well be ready. Adieu, mon cher Duc! *Au plaisir!*"

### III.

With a beating heart the future Duke of Santa Polvere proceeded to the Rue de Grenelle. The reception was a splendid one, and the eyes of Aglaé glistened with triumph, as in a hasty whisper he told her his prospects, and asked if she still refused.

"*Méchant!*" she murmured, restrained only by her respect for these "rigorous laws of society," from bestowing on her lover a fond caress. It was a perfect *bourbillon* of enjoyment; every one was animated, every one seemed instinctively to feel that pleasure that evening reigned supreme. Of all the delightful acquaintances whom Hannibal T. Pollywog had made in Paris, one only was not there—the Viscount de la Camargue; but, absorbed by love, the enamored American did not give a thought to the absentee. On the other hand, some one whose presence was of far greater consequence to Hannibal T. Pollywog speedily attracted his attention. I need hardly say that this person was the Pope's Nuncio.

"Monsieur," said the Marquise, "permit me to present Monsieur Annibal de Polivog, of the United States."

The dignified ecclesiastic, who, having caught cold in the Pontine marshes just before he set out for Paris, wore a large green shade over his eyes and had his mouth slightly awry—a common effect of malaria—replied with amiable gaiety: "I trust," he said, "that the Signore will very shortly be united—a wicked pun, a glance at the Marquise, and then he finished the sentence—"to the States of the Church!"

The Nuncio had evidently been well educated. His French had no Italian twang, but was pure as that of the Viscount de la Camargue, to whose accents, in spite of his twisted mouth, his voice bore a strong resemblance. They were of the same height and make, too, but there the likeness ceased.

"There is a little matter of business," said Hannibal, fingering in his waistcoat pocket.

"Exactly so," returned the Nuncio with a benevolent smile. "I am at your service, Eccellenza!"

The Marquise pointed to an alcove, in which were two chairs and a small table with writing materials upon it. The Italian and the American both entered and took their seats. From beneath his robes—he was in full pontifical—the Nuncio drew forth a parchment closely rolled and fastened with four green ribbons, to each of which a flying seal was attached.

"This," he said, "is the patent of the Dukedom which, I understand, you wish to purchase. As I have a small amount to make up, perhaps you will kindly oblige me with the money?"

"I have it here," said Hannibal, taking out his cheque. "My bankers are Blount & Co."

"Admirable persons," replied the Nuncio; "nothing can be better. Duca di Santa Polvere, I have the honor to salute you. *Dominus Vobiscum.*"

The Nuncio extended his hands and blest—or seemed to bless—the Pope's new subject.

"You'll liquor up?" said the American, rising, and, of course, translating.

"Thank you; I have exceeded my usual hour. I must find the Marquise. Good night!"

But if the Nuncio did not liquor up, Hannibal T. Pollywog did; in fact, he took so much, that, with champagne and successful love, he scarcely knew how the *soirée* ended.

### IV.

How the day broke upon him next morning, he, however, perfectly understood, and is likely to remember as long as he lives. It began with a splitting headache—but that was nothing to what followed. A servant in livery—one of those supplied by Bryon, of the Rue Bassa—brought him a note on a silver salver, richly chased, as he poured out his first cup of tea. It was from the Viscount de la Camargue, and dated the previous evening. It told him that he, the Viscount, had been suddenly summoned from Paris, in consequence of an inundation of the Rhone, which threatened to ravage his paternal estates. Inundations were no novelty to one who came from the Mississipi ppi.

"A faulty levee, I reckon," was his sole remark, as he dismissed the Viscount to think of the Marquise.

To think of her was to wish to see her. He ordered his Brougham, and drove to the Rue de Grenelle. There was a crowd round the *porte cochère* of the Hotel de Mouillefarine. Odd-looking fellows were assembled there. Every one had a paper in his hand, and every one looked gloomy—I may say turbulent.

"Is the Marquise at home?" asked Hannibal, who, not seeing the *cochère*, addressed himself to the nearest person.

"La Marquise!" replied the man, laughing bitterly; "Vous aussi—vous êtes de la guerre!" And he turned away to speak to an individual in black, whom he designated Monsieur l'Hussier.

Hannibal was all ears as well as eyes. In a very few moments he comprehended that the crowd at the gate were clamorous creditors, and that the Marquise was a well-known lorette, who had given them all the go-by.

Useless, he perceived, to kick up a row there. As fast as horses could take him, he sped to the banking-house of Blount & Company. The cheque for twenty thousand dollars had been paid that morning to a gentleman who came there, the clerk said, with a very handsome lady—"une personne bien charmante." The balance of monsieur's account, the clerk politely informed him, was two hundred and twenty-five francs thirty-seven centimes.

There remained, however, his patent of nobility. On that, at least, he might feast his eyes. With a trembling hand he cut the ribbons and detached the flying seals. The Prince of Morocco was not more astonished when he opened Portia's golden casket. Instead of the ducal patent, his eyes were greeted by a photograph of the Maison des Fous at Charenton.

"Catawampously chawed up!" was all he said, as Hannibal T. Pollywog fell senseless on the floor.

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

### THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

THE BILLIARD MATCH BETWEEN HARVARD AND YALE.—The billiard mat which formed a portion of the annual contest for superiority in many amusements between the students of Harvard and Yale Colleges took place in Brinley Hall, Worcester, on the evening of the 25th ult. A new Phelan table was put up expressly for the occasion by Messrs. Phelan & Colander. The telegraph despatch from the gentlemen who had the arrangement of the match, desiring to have the table sent on, was, by some mistake, left at Mr. Phelan's residence during his absence and that of his family in the country. The miscarriage of this despatch caused a delay in the forwarding of the table, and a postponement of the match from Tuesday to Wednesday night. Through the kindness of Mr. G. W. Bentley, Superintendent of the Railroad, who telegraphed to Norwich, to have an express freight car put on to the passenger train, for the purpose of conveying the table with all possible speed, it reached its destination, and in twenty hours after it left the Phelan Billiard Factory the table was up and in first-rate playing order. Previous to the match, Mr. Phelan played a game with an amateur of this city for the amusement of the students. After the conclusion of the match, the table was left standing for a day, in compliance with the desire of the prominent amateur players of Worcester, to give them an opportunity of testing its merits. They all expressed themselves delighted with it, and pronounced it the most perfect table they had ever played on. Several gentlemen expressed a desire to purchase the table, but Mr. Phelan declined to part with it, as he desired to keep it and set it up in his room as a souvenir of the great college match. To the students of both Harvard and Yale and to the members of the Union Club Mr. Phelan is under many obligations for their kind and gentlemanly attention to him during his stay in Worcester. We have received an account of the match from a special correspondent, which we append:

Worcester, 25th July, 1890.

"MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I proceed to fulfill my promise with regard to a sketch of the billiard contest between Harvard and Yale. I always like to begin at the beginning, and you will excuse me if, in so doing, I am obliged to bring you forward somewhat early in the communication. However, though I am writing to you, I am not writing for you, so don't you mind, but let me talk to the public."

"Early on Monday evening it was known that Michael Phelan had arrived here on a special invitation, and for the purpose of superintending the erection of a Phelan table sent on from his manufactory in New York, specially for the use of the contestants in the college billiard match. The table arrived on Wednesday, and was set up in Brinley Hall in good season for the game that evening. Meanwhile, Mr. Phelan played several games with the amateurs of Worcester, discounting and double-discounting, and winning all the time; and upon the billiard world of Worcester dawned the conviction that the scientific game had never been played in this locality until that day."

"On Wednesday came the match, the Freshman Class of Harvard against the Freshman Class of Yale. Messrs. Frothingham and Blacklock played for Harvard; Messrs. Bacon and Sheffield for Yale. The game was 800 points "around the table," and was played in the presence of a large number of spectators, Brinley Hall being well filled. The score is as follows:

HARVARD.				YALE.			
No.	Run.	Total.		No.	Run.	Total.	
1	..	..	1.. lead..	62	..	..	62.. 3.. 404
2	..	5..	2.. 13..	63	..	2.. 365	63.. 6.. 410
3	..	..	3.. 6.. 9	64	..	31.. 396	64.. 11.. 421
4	..	5.. 10	4.. 4.. 13	65	..	23.. 419	65.. ..
5	..	..	5.. 9.. 22	66	..	12.. 431	66.. 4.. 425
6	..	..	6.. 10.. 32	67	..	..	67.. 12.. 437
7	..	7..	7.. ..	68	..	6.. 437	68.. ..
8	..	7.. 17	8.. ..	69	..	15.. 452	69.. 5.. 442
9	..	..	9.. 6.. 38	70	..	26.. 478	70.. ..
10	..	8.. 25	10.. ..	71	..	..	71.. ..
11	..	21.. 46	11.. ..	72	..	18.. 496	72.. ..
12	..	..	12.. ..	73	..	12.. 508	73.. ..
13	..	15.. 61	13.. 2.. 40	74	..	31.. 539	74.. 6.. 445
14	..	17.. 78	14.. ..	75	..	3.. 542	75.. 3.. 451
15	..	13.. 91	15.. ..	76	..	3.. 545	76.. ..
16	..	93.. 16	16.. 3.. 49	77	..	2.. 547	77.. ..
17	..	..	17.. 7.. 56	78	..	..	78.. ..
18	..	..	18.. 9.. 65	79	..	..	79.. 3.. 454
19	..	6.. 99	19.. 22.. 87	80	..	..	80.. 3.. 457
20	..	3.. 102	20.. 25.. 92	81	..	..	81.. ..
21	..	..	21.. 8.. 100	82	..	15.. 562	82.. ..
22	..	..	22.. ..	83	..	..	83.. ..
23	..	27.. 130	23.. 12.. 112	84	..	11.. 573	84.. 3.. 460
24	..	..	24.. ..	85	..	23.. 596	85.. 9.. 469
25	..	19.. 158	25.. 15.. 118	86	..	..	86.. 3.. 472
26	..	..	26.. ..	87	..	4.. 600	87.. 15.. 487
27	..	..	27.. ..	88	..	..	88.. 15.. 502
28	..	..	28.. 10.. 128	89	..	..	89.. 18.. 520
29	..	11.. 169	29.. 9.. 137	90	..	..	90.. 20.. 540
30	..	..	30.. ..	91	..	11.. 611	91.. ..
31	..	..	31.. 12.. 149	92	..	..	92.. ..
32	..	17.. 167	32.. ..	93	..	9.. 620	93.. ..
33	..	17.. 184	33.. 34.. 183	94	..	..	94.. ..
34	..	..	34.. 3.. 186	95	..	8.. 628	95.. ..
35	..	..	35.. 10.. 196	96	..	16.. 644	96.. 17.. 561
36	..	..	36.. ..	97	..	11.. 655	97.. 8.. 569
37	..	6.. 190	37.. 13.. 209	98	..	6.. 660	98.. ..
38	..	..	38.. 2.. 211	99	..	8.. 668	99.. ..
39	..	11.. 208	39.. ..	100	..	6.. 674	100.. 5.. 574
40	..	13.. 214	40.. 37.. 248	101	..	6.. 680	101.. ..
41	..	3.. 217	41.. 4.. 252	102	..	8.. 688	102.. ..
42	..	..	42.. 8.. 260	103	..	21.. 709	103.. ..
43	..	16.. 233	43.. 2.. 262	104	..	24.. 717	104.. ..
44	..	5.. 238	44.. 11.. 273	105	..	2.. 719	105.. 8.. 582
45	..	29.. 267	45.. 2.. 276	106	..	..	106.. 3.. 586
46	..	3.. 270	46.. 14.. 290	107	..	14.. 733	107.. 7.. 592
47	..	7.. 277	47.. ..	108	..	..	108.. 9.. 600
48	..	15.. 292	48.. 17.. 307	109	..	8.. 741	109.. 45.. 645
49	..	15.. 297	49.. ..	110	..	6.. 746	110.. 8.. 653
50	..	..	50.. 6.. 312	111	..	22.. 768	111.. 7.. 660
51	..	..	51.. 28.. 340	112	..	9.. 777	112.. ..
52	..	..	52.. 15.. 355	113	..	7.. 784	113.. 3.. 663
53	..	..	53.. 2.. 358	114	..	3.. 787	114.. 8.. 666
54	..	5.. 362	54.. 14.. 372	115	..	10.. 797	115.. 6.. 672
55	..	..	55.. 4.. 376	116	..	..	116.. 7.. 679
56	..	41.. 343	56.. 7.. 383	117	..	..	117.. 18.. 697
57	..	13.. 356	57.. 15.. 388	118	..	..	118.. ..
58	..	..	58.. 8.. 396	119	..	..	119.. 10.. 707
59	..	..	59.. ..	120	..	..	120.. 13.. 720
60	..	4.. 360	60.. 6.. 401	121	..	4.. 801	121.. ..
61	..	23.. 363	61.. ..				

\* No count. † Unintentional miss. ‡ Unintentional pocket of own ball.

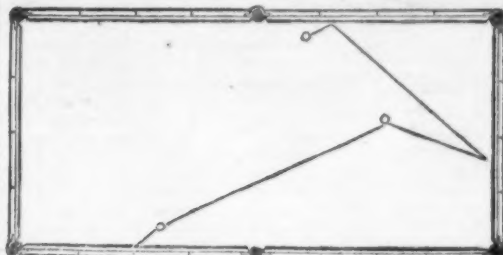
"And so Harvard won the game, Yale having 50 points to go. The game was played in just two hours and a half. At the beginning the players were naturally somewhat nervous in playing before so large an audience; but shortly after the start Harvard got the lead, and with success gained confidence. It was then that Harvard got nearly 200 points ahead, and though Yale played much better toward the close of the game, it was too late to make up the deficiency. The longest run, of 45 points, was made by Mr. Bacon, of Yale, whose play throughout the match was more regular than that of his companion. Mr. Sheffield's play was greatly interfered with by the fact that his own cue failed to reach him, and he changed cues several times during the match. The frequent applause indulged in by the spectators was not calculated to help the players. Why cannot our silence be preserved in all such matches?"

"An excellent five cushioned carom, by Mr. Bacon, was one of the remarkable shots made in this game. It brought down the house. A very pretty shot was also made by Mr. Frothingham, of Harvard. Yours, 'SPECTATOR'."

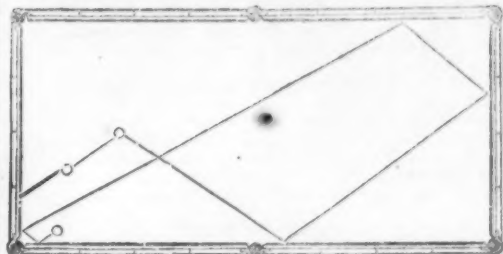
THE LIKENESS OF A FRIEND.—We have received an excellent lithographic likeness of Mr. Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, from the gentlemanly original, inscribed, "To Michael Phelan from his friend Phil Tieman." We expect Mr. Tieman is now in New York or so, and we give the billiard players of New York fair notice that they may have an opportunity of brushing up their cues, for Mr. Tieman is what is familiarly known as a "whole team" at billiards.

GOOD "KICKING" IN HOT WEATHER.—We see it stated in the Troy papers that Mr. William Goldwaithe, the manager of the Verandah Billiard Room, Troy, N. Y., made a run at the carom game, on a full table, of two hundred and forty points. This is, indeed, extraordinary playing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The report of the college billiard match at Worcester, Mass., takes up so much of the space allotted to us in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* that we are forced to request the indulgence of correspondents for a week.



Carom made by Mr. Frothingham of Harvard College, in the Billiard Tournament between Yale and Harvard College, at Worcester, Mass., on 25th July, 1890.



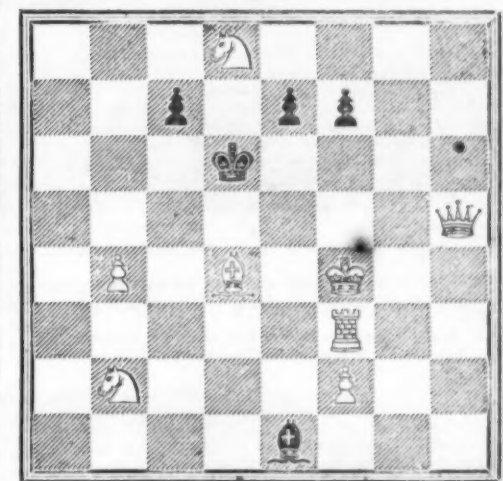
Carom made by Mr. Bacon, of Yale College, in the Billiard Tournament between Yale and Harvard College, at Worcester, Mass., 25th July, 1890.

### CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2455, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 252.—By E. C. INGERSOLL, Bangor, Me. White to play and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The following highly interesting game was recently played at the Cigar Divan, Strand, between Captain KENNEDY and Mr. BODEN:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Capt. K.	Mr. B.	Capt. K.	Mr. B.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	18 P to Q B 4 (g)	R to Q 5 (h)
2 K to K B 3	P to Q B 3	19 P to Q B 5	R to Q B 3 (i)
3 B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3	20 Q R to Q B sq	R to Q 5
4 B to R 4	Kt to K B 3	21 Q Kt to K B P	P to Q B 4 (dis ch)
5 P to Q 4	P Kt P		(k)
6 P to K 5	Rt to R 5	22 K to R 3	R to R sq (f)
7 Kt to P (a)	Rt to K B P (b)	23 R to K B 4 (m)	P to R 7 (ch)
8 Kt to Q Kt (c)	P Kt to Kt (d)	24 K to Kt 4	P to K R 4 (ch)
9 Kt to Kt 5	Q Kt to R 5 (ch)	25 K to Kt 5	B to K R 4 (ch)
10 P to K Kt 3	B to R 4 (ch)	26 R Kt to Q B P	P to B 3 (ch)
11 K to Kt 2	Q to K 5 (ch) (e)	27 R Kt to B (n)	P to R 3 (ch)
12 Q to B 3	Q Kt B	28 R to R 4	Q to K R 4
13 P to Q Kt 3	Q to Q R 4 (f)	29 R to R 4	Q to K R 4
14 B to Q 2	Q to Q Kt 3	30 R Kt to B P (ch)	R to Kt sq
15 Kt to Q B 3	B to Q Kt 2	31 K to R 7 (ch)	Kt to R 3
16 K R to K B sq	Castles (Q R)	32 Kt to B 3 (ch)	K to R 2
17 Q Kt to R 4	Q to R 2		and White surrenders.





RECEPTION OF THE NEWARK WIDE-AWAKE CLUB AT HARTFORD, BY THE WIDE-AWAKE CLUB OF HARTFORD, CONN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

**RECEPTION OF THE WIDE-AWAKE CLUB OF NEWARK BY THE WIDE-AWAKES OF HARTFORD.**

THE Wide-Awakes, as our readers are probably aware, is an organization having its origin in partisan spirit, and is made up

of members of the Republican party, the majority being young men. Its objects and aim is to aid in bringing about the election of Lincoln and Hamlin.

The idea was suggested by the appearance of several young men wearing caps and capes in the torchlight procession which

paraded the streets of Hartford on the evening of February 26th 1860, to escort the Hon. Cassius M. Clay. A meeting was called, and some thirty young men organized themselves into a Wide-Awake Club. A constitution was adopted, and officers

(Continued on page 188.)



PROCESSION OF THE WIDE-AWAKE CLUB OF HARTFORD, CONN., ON THURSDAY, JULY 26.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HARVARD COLLEGE REGATTA, JULY 24TH, AT WORCESTER, MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 184





## WIDE-AWAKE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

(Continued from page 186.)

chosen. Within the short time which has elapsed since it has increased to over five hundred, and Wide-Awake Clubs have sprung up in various other cities, towns and villages in other States as well as in Connecticut.

The Wide-Awake Club of Newark having notified their brethren of Hartford of their intention to visit them on Thursday and Friday of last week, the latter Club prepared a right royal reception for their guests, and the ladies having been enlisted in the cause, they were entertained in a manner which must have impressed them with an elevated sense of the hospitality of their New England compeers.

The Newark Club, having chartered the steamer Josephine, left home on Thursday morning, the 26th, and arrived at Saybrook at the mouth of the river at half-past five o'clock, and at Hartford about half-past nine o'clock.

The weather threatened to be unpropitious, a dark bank of clouds in the south-west, filled with rain and electricity, seemed only awaiting a favorable wind to spread itself over the city and discharge its pluvial contents. The Hartford Club, notwithstanding, assembled at seven o'clock and proceeded to the dock, where they awaited the arrival of the steamer with whatever of patience they could summon.

There were in the ranks some three hundred or more young men, each uniformed with an oilskin cape and glazed cap, and bearing a torch similar to those in use by our own fire department.

At half-past nine o'clock the signal rocket from the steamer was seen to dart heavenward as she rounded the point about a mile below the city, and it was immediately answered by others on the dock and by the booming of cannon and strains of martial music. In a few moments she neared the dock, and after a little delay the visitors landed amidst the shouts of welcome from thousands of voices. The scene at this moment, as described by our artist, was one of great beauty and interest. The dark thunder cloud had passed eastward, and was lighted up occasionally by gleams of lightning, forming a fitting background to the scene.

The line was formed and marched through the principal streets to the City Hall, where justice was done to a bountiful collation, which, with the speeches that followed, kept all engaged until half-past twelve o'clock, when the line was again formed, and the guests were escorted to their quarters on board of the boat.

On Friday evening, the 27th, the Hartford Club, together with their friends, repaired to the depot, where they received various Clubs from other towns, and escorted them to the camp or wigwam on Asylum street, a frame structure, erected for such purposes, and here they were addressed by several prominent individuals, and presentations were made of banners, capes, lanterns, rails, mauls, &c., &c.

At ten o'clock the grand torchlight procession was formed, and marched through the principal streets of the city to Charter Oak place, amidst the firing of rockets, the burning of blue lights and a profusion of other fireworks. The sight presented has rarely, if ever, been excelled, and baffles description. At Charter Oak place the vast assembly was addressed by Hon. Dwight Loomis, after which it proceeded on its line of march to and across the Park, through Asylum and other streets to the City Hall, where another bountiful collation was served and partaken of. The sight as the procession crossed the Park was magnificent in the extreme. From four to five thousand torches could be seen at one time winding their way through and around the sinuous paths; the whole landscape was lit up with innumerable roman candles and other fireworks, and far in the background the city was illuminated with flaming rockets, which sent their shower of parti-colored rain across the heavens in every direction, while the moon, as if palling her ineffectual light, sunk slowly beneath the western horizon.

At half-past one the Wide-Awakes escorted their guests to the cars and their quarters on the boat, and the city gradually sunk to its accustomed rest.

The Newark Club returned home on Saturday morning early, highly pleased with their trip and the reception which they had received.

The captain and lieutenants' uniform consists of an Inverness mantle or overcoat with cape, made of black enamel cloth, and glazed hat. The captain carries a red, and each lieutenant a blue or green lantern. The privates wear a black enamel circular cape, quite full and of good length, glazed cap, and carry a swinging or fireman's torch. Two pioneers, the tallest men in the company, carrying very large torches, are stationed on the extreme right. They are drilled in a few simple military movements, according to Hardee's tactics.

## COL. ELLSWORTH, OF THE UNITED STATES CHICAGO ZOUAVES.

In our paper of the 28th July we gave a short biography of this admirable specimen of an American soldier-citizen, and have now merely to repeat that he is a native of New York, and in his twenty-second year. In presenting his portrait to our readers, we trust it may prove an incentive to our young men to follow his praiseworthy example, and, like him, scorn enervating delights and live laborious days, thus forming the foundation of a manly and Republican character. Our picture is an admirable resemblance to one, who, although only just out of his teens, has already earned an honorable name among his fellow-men.

"Well, Susan, what do you think of married ladies being happy?" "Why, I think there are

A SHOPKEEPER purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Share it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer, "it's your own fault, sir; for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap I bought here myself that I weighed them with!"

"Judge, you say if I punch a man, even in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery?" "Yes, sir, I said that, and what I said I repeat: If you punch a man you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it." "Ain't there no exceptions?" "No, sir; no exceptions whatever." "Judge, I think you are mistaken. Suppose, for instance, I should brandy-punch him—what then?" "No levity in court, sir! Sheriff, expose this man to the atmosphere! Call the next case."

## LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR

is, beyond question, the finest and most popular article ever made. Nothing has ever given such universal satisfaction. It restores the Hair, preserves and beautifies it, and removes all Dandruff, &c. If you do not use it, try it. Sold everywhere for 25 cents per bottle. 246-56aw

## Burnett's Kalliston,

As a WASH FOR THE COMPLEXION HAS NO EQUAL. It is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation, especially that arising from bites of mosquitoes, stings of insects, &c. It is a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES AND ALL DISCOLORATIONS. These, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT &amp; CO., Boston.

For sale By Druggists generally.

Price 50 Cents a Bottle. 246-40

## The Monarch of the Monthlies!

FOR AUGUST, 1860.

## CONTENTS OF NO. 2, VOL. VII, OF FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY,

With which is incorporated

## THE GAZETTE OF FASHION.

Price 25 cts., or \$3 per annum.

## Literary.

AN ARTIST'S STORY. Three Engravings.  
ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN. Two Engravings.  
A STRANGE LAND IN CENTRAL AMERICA. Four Engravings.  
CARLYON'S VACATION: HOW HE TROLLED FOR JACK AND GOT HOOKED BY CUPID. Engraving.  
The Order of Issachar—A Reminiscence of Jerusalem—concluded.  
A DUEL WITH SWORDS. Engraving.  
JEFFERSON'S ROCK. Two Engravings.  
THE DEVIL'S LOOKING-GLASS. Two Engravings.  
The Nakoon—A Story of the Coast of Madras.  
DISAPPOINTMENT HALL. Engraving.  
My Cousin Clara.  
SPIRIT PAINTING. Engraving.  
MR. TRADULES' TALE. Engraving.  
Heaven Revisited; also Miss Emma—A Love Dream Dismissed.  
Flogging Round the Fleet.  
Napoleon at the Tomb of Frederick the Great.  
How Hot—Blow Cold: A Love Story—concluded.  
Notes on Ornamental Flower Culture.  
Editorial Gossip.  
Poetry—The Three Maidens—Engraving; What Say the Clouds? Unbelieved; The Best Gift; The Legend of St. Christopher—Engraving; Horn Castle—Engraving.  
Miscellaneous.

## List of Engravings.

An Artist's Story—M. Boyne Recalls Italy and Youth; M. Brookbank's Interview with the Countess; M. Boyne Speaks a Few Words.  
Oddities of Great Men—Vice-Chancellor Shadwell's Hydrophobic Injunction; Rowland Hill and his Refractory Servants.  
Mexican Ox Cart.  
A Strange Land in Central America—Sacrificial Stone; Hunting the Leopard; Indian Tombs; Caverns for Worship.  
On the Way to Monkstone Manor.  
Jefferson's Rock—Lower View; Upper View.  
Duel with Swords.  
The Devil's Looking-Glass—Beelzebub Sees Himself in a Mirror; Celeste Reading Poetry to Robert.  
The Three Maidens.  
Butler Ward Acts the Gallant.  
Spirit Painting.  
The Robber's Revenge.  
The Legend of St. Christopher.  
Horn Castle.  
Comic Page—Mr. Yellowglove Takes his Cousins for a Pleasant Row on the Hudson—concluded. Six Engravings.

## Gazette of Fashion.

What to Buy and Where to Buy it; Review of Fashions; Styles for the Month; Description of Colored Fashion Plates; Description of Fashions; Description of Needlework; Notice to Lady Subscribers; The Mysterious Warning; or, The Lady in the Sack; The Love Secret; A Curious Case; Richard Cromwell; Miscellaneous.

## Illustrations to the Gazette.

Colored Frontispiece: Holly Berry Collar in Swiss Lace; Designs for an Embroidered Sofa Cushion; Full Length Visiting Toilette; The Duchess Toilet Cushion in Crochet; Linen Work; Names in Embroidery; Embroidery for a Skirt; Card or Work Basket.

Each number of the Magazine contains over 100 pages of the most entertaining literature of the day, besides nearly sixty beautiful Engravings, and a superb-colored Plate, alone worth more than the price of the Magazine.

1 copy 1 year ..... \$3  
2 copies 1 year ..... 5  
1 copy 2 years ..... 5  
2 copies 2 years ..... 5  
and \$2 for each copy added to the Club. An extra copy sent to the person getting up a Club of Five Subscribers, 1 year for \$10.

The postage of this Magazine is three cents; and must be paid three months in advance at the office where the Magazine is received.

JUST PUBLISHED,  
JUST PUBLISHED,

## The New Number of the Great Comic Paper of America.

THE NEW NUMBER OF THE GREAT COMIC PAPER OF AMERICA.

THE NEW NUMBER OF THE GREAT COMIC PAPER OF AMERICA.

No. 23, for August 15th, of

Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun,  
Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun,  
Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun,

CONTAINING THE

BRITISH LION WITH HIS TAIL IN THE AIR.  
BRITISH LION WITH HIS TAIL IN THE AIR.

THE NEW NATIONAL SPECTACLE OF THE DEMOCRATIC FUNERAL.

THE NEW NATIONAL SPECTACLE OF THE DEMOCRATIC FUNERAL.

THE NEW NATIONAL SPECTACLE OF THE DEMOCRATIC FUNERAL.

THE GREAT EASTERN POSTAGE SYSTEM.  
THE GREAT EASTERN POSTAGE SYSTEM.THE GREAT EASTERN POSTAGE SYSTEM.  
THE GREAT EASTERN POSTAGE SYSTEM.YELLOW GLOVES' BOATING PARTY.  
YELLOW GLOVES' BOATING PARTY.  
YELLOW GLOVES' BOATING PARTY.IN TWELVE CARTOONS.  
IN TWELVE CARTOONS.  
IN TWELVE CARTOONS.BUDGET PROVERBS OR SERMONS AT SIGHT.  
BUDGET PROVERBS OR SERMONS AT SIGHT.BUDGET PROVERBS OR SERMONS AT SIGHT.  
BUDGET PROVERBS OR SERMONS AT SIGHT.With Fifty Comic Cuts at everybody and everything. BE-  
SIDES, SIXTEEN PAGES OF HUMOROUS READING MATTER.Also,  
MISS BROWN,

BROUGH'S GREAT ROMANCE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Price only Six Cents. Published by

FRANK LESLIE,

19 City Hall Square, New York.

## Health is Wealth, and Sickness Poverty Indeed.

READ and see if Dr. Ayer's Medicines do not do something to enrich mankind:

"CHICAGO, November 12, 1859.  
"DR. J. C. AYER—RESPECTED SIR—I should be wanting in common gratitude if I did not acknowledge to you what your skill, or more accurately your EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA has done for my wife. She has been for some years afflicted with a humor which comes out upon her skin in the autumn and winter with such insupportable itching as to render life almost intolerable. It has never failed to come upon her in cold weather, nor has any remedial aid been able to hasten its departure before spring, or to at all alleviate her suffering from it. This season it began in October with its usual violence. By the advice of our celebrated surgeon, Dr. Kimball, I gave her your Sarsaparilla. In a week it had brought the humor out upon her skin worse than we had ever seen it before; but it soon began to disappear. The itching has ceased and the humor is now entirely gone, so that she is completely cured, but still continues taking the Sarsaparilla to insure a complete expulsion of the disease from the system.  
"Yours respectfully, "BENJ. CARTER."  
Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. 246-48

## Holloway's Pills

CLEANSE the blood of all degenerating particles, and render it a pure and healthy fluid. Its action is gentle, but sure and reliable. Fever and ague and the periodical diseases most prevalent on this continent are prevented by a timely use of this marvellous remedy, and cured by a course of the same according to the directions that accompany each box. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 25 cts., 65 cts. and \$1 per box.

## A Card to the Ladies.

DR. ANDERSON, No. 71 Bleecker St., begs to call the attention of the Ladies to his Medicines. They never fail. Advice gratis. All communications promptly attended to, and medicine sent to all parts of the Union on receipt of \$1. 246-58

PHOTOGRAPHY—Complete first-class Outfits for both Ambrotypes and Photographs, with instructions for use, \$30. Stereoscope and Solar Cameras. Catalogues, one stamp. C. J. FOX, 661 Broadway, N. Y. 246-49

Great North-Western Agency,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Any person having any article that he wants introduced and sold will please send us a circular. 246 GARRISON & CO., P. O. Box 3871, Chicago, Ill.

## Superior Pianos.

ERNEST GABLER, MANUFACTURER OF PIANOFORTES (with or without patent action), 129 East Twenty-Second St., between Second and Third Aves., New York. Dealers and others are respectfully invited to call and examine my very superior instruments, made with full iron frame and warranted equal to any in the market for strength and beauty of finish, sweetness and power of tone. My instruments are warranted for three years, and I guarantee to sell at lower prices than any respectable manufacturer in this city. ERNEST GABLER, 129 East Twenty-Second Street, New York. 274

PREMATURE DECAY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE—By a Former Sufferer. Containing also an exposure of Quacks. Inclosing stamp, address, in perfect confidence, box 3191, Boston. 246-47

FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, via New-  
port and Fall River.—The splendid and superior  
steamer M. TROUBLE, Capt. Brown, leaves New York  
every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 o'clock P. M.,  
and the EMPIRE STATE, Capt. Brayton, on Monday,  
Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock P. M., from Pier No. 3,  
N. R. Hereafter no rooms will be regarded as secured to  
any applicant until the same shall have been paid for.  
Freight to Boston is forwarded through with great despatch  
by an Express Freight Train.

## CAUTION!

TO

## THE PUBLIC GENERALLY

AND

## LADIES PARTICULARLY.

BASE ATTEMPTS at FRAUD and IMPOSITION are being promulgated throughout some portions of the country. Unprincipled and unscrupulous persons, envious of the deserved success and universal demand which has followed the introduction of the WORLD-RENOUNDED

## "TRÉFELIO,"

## The True Secret of Beauty,

are endeavoring, by copying our advertisements, to mislead the Public and dispose of their WORTHLESS COMPOUNDS under guise of "THE SECRET OF BEAUTY."

## BEWARE OF ALL SUCH ATTEMPTS!

It is an established fact that the only genuine "SKIN MEDICINE" (for such it really is) ever presented to the LADIES OF AMERICA, the true

## ERADICATOR OF ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN,

And a

## VERITABLE BEAUTIFIER OF THE COMPLEXION,

(without the deleterious aid of Chalk or Poisonous Minerals), is

## "TRÉFELIO,"

## A Pure and Simple Extract of Wild Flowers.

Thousand testify to-day to its superior merits, and we are permitted to refer to our most distinguished PHYSICIANS and CITIZENS to substantiate the truth of these assertions, and sustain the reputation pre-eminent which TRÉFELIO now holds with the public.

## THEREFORE OBSERVE,

Upon each bottle of the GENUINE ARTICLE, THE SIGNATURE

## "DAVOSIÈRE."

None other is genuine.

Ask for "TRÉFELIO" and take none other. Sold by all respectable dealers at 50 cents a bottle.

Two sample bottles sent on the receipt of One Dollar. TILSTON & CO., General Agents, 48 Broadway, New York.



## P. S. I. PERUVIAN SYRUP.

## OR PROTECTED SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON.

Cures all Diseases arising from Disordered Digestion, Weakness, and Bad State of the Blood.

## GET A PAMPHLET

Containing the most astonishing cures on record. Office, 39 Summer St., Boston.

JOHN P. JEWETT AND CARTER. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THIS MEDICINE IS MANUFACTURED, AS HERETOFORE, BY N. L. CLARK & CO.

\$150 PER MONTH, AND NO HUMBUG. Agents wanted in every Town. It is no Patent Medicine or Book Agency, but something new and of real value. Particulars sent free. Address 246 J. S. PARDEE, Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.

## Physicians

ARE generally loth to speak a word in praise of what are called "patent medicines." Indeed, it is an article in the code of medical ethics, that a physician who sanctions the use of such remedies cannot be considered a member of the National Association. But there are exceptions to the most stringent rules, and many of the disciples of Esculapius have actually been compelled, by the force of facts, to recommend Dr. J. HOSIETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS for those diseases which are only prevalent during the summer and fall. They have ascertained that there are no remedies in the Pharmacopoeia which can compare with this wonderful compound for the derangement of the system. Thousands of families residing along the low grounds of the western and southern rivers, are now convinced that they have found a medicine peculiarly adapted for their ailments, while in other portions of the country, during the summer months, the demand for the





## PIANOFORTES.

JOHN B. DUNHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF THE OVERSTRUNG

Celebrated Dunham Pianofortes,  
GRAND AND SQUARE.

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS,

75 to 85 East Thirteenth Street, near Broadway,  
New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

Parties in the country wishing Instruments direct from  
the Factory, can be suited by describing by letter the  
quality of tone and touch desired.Purchasers may rely upon the excellence of these in-  
struments. They are warranted for Five years, and prices  
are moderate.

## READ THE FOLLOWING:

THE JAPANESE PRINCE AND DUNHAM'S PIANOFORTES.—We  
notice in the principal apartment one of John B. Dun-  
ham's magnificent grand Pianos, with all the modern  
improvements, over-string bass, &c. The Princes will have  
frequent opportunities of listening to the grand tones of  
this superb instrument. One of John B. Dunham's fine  
square Pianos was sent to Japan in 1859 we think—for we  
noticed the fact at the time—as we believed that it was the  
first Piano of American manufacture ever seen in that land  
of mystery and exclusiveness. Our manufacture was  
noblely represented by that instrument, for no more sterling  
Piano was ever manufactured. So John B. Dunham has a  
sort of trade relationship with the Japanese Embassy.—  
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 23, 1860.

## A. LANGE,

PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS  
FRAMES

AND

CORNICES FOR ROOMS,

MADE TO ORDER, AND REGILDING DONE.

206 William St., cor. Frankfort, New York.

**GUTTA PERCHA  
CEMENT ROOFING.**

THE  
Cheapest  
and most  
DURABLE  
ROOFING  
IN USE.  
Sent to any part  
of the country  
with directions  
for application.

SPECIMENS and references can  
be seen, and any desired infor-  
mation obtained on application, by  
letter or in person, at our office,  
510 BROADWAY, N. Y.  
(Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.)  
JOHN & CROSLY,

**Spalding's Prepared Glue!**

**ECONOMY!**  
Dispatch!  
Save the Pieces!

Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys,  
Crochery, Glassware, &c.

Wholesale Depot, No. 48 Cedar Street, New York.

Address  
**HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,**  
Box No. 3,600, New York.

Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight and  
twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-card accom-  
panying each package. 0000

**COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM,  
YONKERS, N. Y.**

Summer Session commenced on the 2d day of May

TERMS:  
Board and Tuition.....\$150 per Session.  
For Circulars and particular information, apply to  
M. N. WISEWELL, Principal.  
Yonkers, 1860. 000

**Microscopes vs. Magnifying Glasses.**

"MAGNIFYING more than 500 times."  
—Boston Ledger.

"Perfect little wonders."—Ballou's Pictorial.

"The most curious magnifier in the world."—Leslie's  
Newspaper.

Four instruments of different powers for \$1, by mail.  
C. B. UNDERWOOD,  
227 49 114 Hanover Street, Boston.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or  
Moustaches?

MY Ointment will force them to grow heavily in  
six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without  
stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post  
free, to any address, on receipt of an order.  
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

**Tiffany & Co.,**  
LATE  
TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS,  
Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware  
Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury  
No. 350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
HOUSES IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO

**Pianofortes.**  
**A. H. GALE & CO.,**  
MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS,  
107 East Twelfth Street, N. Y.

## FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

DEGRAAF &amp; TAYLOR

(Formerly H. P. DEGRAAF.)

NO. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six stories in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 85 Christie Street—making it one of the  
largest Furniture Houses in the United States.They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade, for Time or Cash Their stock consists, in  
part, of

## ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock; ENAM-  
ELED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

## JENNY LIND AND EXTENSION POST BEDSTEADS,

Five feet wide, especially for the Southern Trade.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition.

All work guaranteed as represented.

## Notice to Advertisers.

THE only Daily Paper published at the Canadian  
Seat of Government is the QUEBEC MOR-  
NING CHRONICLE. It is taken in almost every family in  
Quebec, and circulates largely in Eastern Canada and New  
Brunswick. Twenty thousand strangers are expected on  
the visit of the Prince. Advertisers will find the CHRONI-  
CLE an excellent medium. Daily Chronicle, \$5 per annum,  
in advance; Weekly Chronicle, \$2 do. Terms for Adver-  
tising made known on application. 000

## FINKLE &amp; LYON'S

## SEWING MACHINES.

Our Machines took the highest medal at the Fair  
the American Institute, with the highest premium for fine  
Sewing Machine work.They also took the highest premiums at the New Jersey  
State Fair, at the Mechanics' Fair, Utica, N. Y., the Frank-  
lin Institute, and so generally wherever exhibited.

Late office 503 Broadway,

REMOVED TO 438 BROADWAY. 000

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH as fast as  
you can pull them out, and no humbug. Sent  
for \$1.  
Address Union Agency, Providence, R. I. 243-51

## Something New.

A HEMMER, TUCKER, FELLER, BINDER  
AND GAUGE COMBINED, just patented  
simple, hemming any width and thickness of cloth either  
side, applied to any Sewing Machine, by any one, in a few  
minutes.

RETAIL PRICE, \$5. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Orders by mail supplied, postage paid. Complete instruc-  
tions go with every Hemmer. Send for a circular.Also, UNIVERSAL BOSOM-FOLDER AND SELF-MARK-  
ER, for Quilting.

234-460 UNIVERSAL HEMMER CO., No. 429 Broadway

## Kennedy's Medical Discovery

## CURES SCROFULA.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Erysipelas.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Canker.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Nursing Sore Mouth.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Humor of the Eyes.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Scald Head.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Running of the Ears.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Ulcerated Sore Legs.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Leprosy.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Rheumatism.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Salt Rheum.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Dyspepsia.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Bowels.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Kidneys.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Liver.  
Kennedy's Medical Discovery has cured Dropsy.

When you are sick, and do not know what the matter is,  
perhaps you have an inward humor. Try Kennedy's Medi-  
cal Discovery. For sale by all Druggists.

## Sporting in the Country.

GENTLEMEN SPENDING THE SUMMER IN THE  
COUNTRYCan while away many a pleasant hour by taking with  
them a

## MAYNARD RIFLE AND SHOT GUN,

which can be packed in a twenty-inch valise, weighs only  
six pounds, is fired with metal cartridges, and consequently  
there is no dirt from loading or firing, and shoots with  
incredible force; or a set of

## CRICKET IMPLEMENTS,

put up in a compact form; or

## BASE BALLS AND CLUBS.

## Fireworks,

of the best makers, at retail, by

W. J. SYMS &amp; BRO.,

230-51 800 Broadway

## Bogle's Hair Dye and Wigs

A Unapproached and  
unapproachable in  
their superior merits. Both  
are perfection. Try the one,  
see the other, and be con-  
vinced.

Price of Hair Dye 50 cts.,  
\$1 and \$1.50. Private Rooms  
for Dyeing Hair and Fitting  
Wigs at BOGLE'S Hairwork  
Parlour and Toilet Bazaar  
202 Washington St., Boston.

NEW BOOK FOR THE ORGAN.  
THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN.—  
A New, Progressive and Practical Method,  
comprising a History and Description of the Organ, Instru-  
ments, Exercises, Voluntaries and Pieces suited to all oc-  
casions. By JOHN ZIMMER, Organist at Plymouth Church,  
Brooklyn; \$3.00. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO.,  
Boston.

## Billiard Balls.

A FINE assortment of Ivory Billiard Balls of  
first quality, at reduced prices. Also Patent  
Compressed Ivory of fine quality, all sizes, \$6 per set;  
2 inch bagatelle, \$6 per set; Fifteen Ball Pool, 2 1/4 inch,  
\$20; 2 1/2 inch, \$25 per set. If a ball breaks at any time  
by fair play I make it good without extra charge. Manu-  
factured and for sale by WM. M. WELLING,  
245-57 416 Broome, corner Elm St., N. Y.

## UNION HALL

## SARATOGA SPRINGS.

This well-known Hotel is pleasantly located on the west  
side of Broadway, opposite the celebrated Congress Spring,  
and commands a view of the beautiful park connected  
with it.By the addition, just finished, of a handsome brick build-  
ing two hundred and forty-one feet long by fifty-five feet  
wide, and five stories high, it is much the largest Hotel in  
the place, having a front of over one thousand feet, and  
can accommodate over one thousand guests. In extent and  
completeness the Dining Hall, Kitchen and Laundry are  
unrivalled in this country.The court inclosed by the buildings forms a lawn of  
several acres in extent, intersected with well shaded walks.  
Here a fine band of music belonging to the house contrib-  
utes to the enjoyment of the guests every afternoon.A large Carriage House containing sixteen bed-rooms for  
coachmen was erected last year.The management of Union Hall, we trust, will meet  
with the approval of all who may honor us with their  
patronage. PUTNAM & PAYN, Proprietors.

243-46

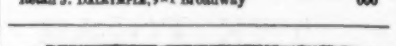
BOAR'S HEAD SIX CORD SPOOL  
COTTON.

Superior to any ever im-  
ported in Strength, Smooth-  
ness and Elasticity, for  
MACHINE OR HAND  
SEWING.  
Warranted 200 Yards.  
Certificates from some of  
the best judges in the United  
States.

"We have tried Evans &  
Co's Boar's Head Sewing  
Machine Cottons, and find  
them excellent."  
—WHEELER & WILSON.  
MFG CO., 505 Broadway.

C. CARVILLE, Sole Agent 180 Fulton Street.

Retail J. DALRYMPLE, 341 Broadway 000



## BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT.

NO MORE ROUGE! NO MORE PINK SAUCERS!

What a Lovely Girl that is!—Oh, she  
uses DR. RUSSELL'S BEAUTIFIER, which re-  
moves all Pimples, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan.  
Who couldn't have a beautiful complexion, who  
has 50 cents to send for a box. By mail, 50 cents.

His HAIR ERADICATOR, for removing super-  
fluous hair from a lady's lip, chin, neck, arms,  
&c., has no equal. Price One Dollar per Bottle.

His permanent and positive CURE FOR SPER-  
MATORRHOEA has never failed.

THE BLESS OF MARRIAGE, one volume, 204  
pages, \$2 mo. Price in cloth, 50 cents.

This is decidedly the most fascinating, inter-  
esting, and really useful and practical work on  
Courtship, Matrimony, and the Duties and Delights  
of Married Life that has ever been issued from the  
American Press.

All Dr. Russell's articles are sent by mail,  
free of postage.

All orders must be addressed to  
DR. F. W. RUSSELL,  
No. 6 Beekman Street, New York.

For Sale by  
P. L. TADMAN & CO., No. 31 Lecker Street,  
(four doors west of Broadway).

Mrs. RAY, No. 174 Fulton Street, Brooklyn  
AND ALL DRUGGISTS.

## REMOVAL.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES  
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

PATENTED FEB. 18, 1853; OCT. 28, 1856; DEC.  
1857; JAN. 12, 1858; NOV. 18, 1858;  
MARCH 29, 1859

For sale by the manufacturers,  
PHELAN & COLLIER,  
85, 86, 87 and 89 Crosby Street,  
late of 81 and 83 Ann Street,  
and the Patentee,  
MICHAEL PHELAN,  
Nos. 790 and 792 Broadway New York.



**Congress Spring**  
SARATOGA SPRINGS & NO 98 CEDAR STREET,  
NEW YORK.

TO SOUTHERNERS,

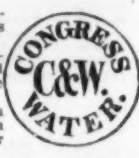
DRINKERS OF

## CONGRESS WATER.

Much spurious Mineral Water is sold as "CONGRESS  
WATER" by unprincipled persons or counterfeiters, who,  
when they dare not use that name, call it "Saratoga"  
Water. "Sara-ga" being only the name of the town  
where the Spring is situated.

To protect the public from such im-  
positions, we have ALL our Corks  
branded thus .  
Any not having those words and let-  
ters on the Corks are Counterfeit, and  
the purchaser should prosecute the  
seller for swindling.

Orders will receive prompt attention  
if addressed to us at our Southern  
Depot of Congress Water, 98 Cedar  
Street, New York City.



CLARK &amp; WHITE,

Proprietors of Congress Spring.

Lists of Dealers who procure Congress Water for their  
sales direct from our house, are kept at our office for dis-  
tribution to those who desire to purchase genuine Congress  
Water in their own localities. C. & W.

## SARATOGA

## EMPIRE SPRING WATER.

SUPERIOR TO CONGRESS SPRING WATER.

The Empire Water is bottled from the celebrated EMPIRE  
SPRING at SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. This fountain is situ-  
ated not far from the Congress Spring, and the superior  
qualities of the EMPIRE WATER over the Congress Water  
consists in its possessing all the properties of that Water,  
with the addition of a large amount of Iodine, which im-  
proves the combination, and renders it unsuitably bene-  
ficial in Lung Difficulties, Fevers and Irritation of the Kid-  
neys and Bowels, for which the Congress Water is not  
admissible. Notwithstanding the proprietors of that Spring  
have tried by a lengthy advertisement to make it appear  
that any other mineral water, bottled at Saratoga Springs,  
without their brand and marks, was worthless and inju-  
rious, the Empire Water is not only acknowledged as the  
best medicinal, and most soothing in its effects, but the  
most delicious as a beverage—and for Dyspepsia and Con-  
stipation its equal is not to be found in any other mineral  
water.

The Empire Water is put up at the  
Empire Spring, at Saratoga, in pint and  
quart bottles, with the corks all branded  
thus .

Orders addressed to us at Saratoga  
Springs, N. Y., or to our depot, 13 John  
Street, New York, will receive prompt  
attention.

G. W. WESTON &amp; CO.,

Proprietors Empire Spring.

Sold by Druggists and Hotels generally.

## J. THOMPSON'S

Transparent and Fancy Soaps.

D. TAYLOR &amp; CO.,

Corner of Greenwich and Reade Sts., New York.

245-57

## HANDSOME WOMEN.

To Ladies and all who admire Rosy Cheeks.

## HUNT'S "BLOOM OF ROSES"

Imparts a beautiful and soft rosy tint to the cheeks so  
natural that its use cannot possibly be detected, will not  
wash or rub off, and when once applied remains durable  
for years. It can only be removed by lemon juice, and  
will not injure the skin.

This is a new preparation just introduced, and is used by  
all the celebrated Court Beauties of London and Paris.

Sold wholesale and retail by HUNT & CO., Perfumers,  
Offices, 707 Sanson Street, Philadelphia. Sample bottles,  
with directions for use, mailed free to any address in the  
United States or Canada, on receipt of \$1 in cash or postage  
stamp. 246-50

## WOOD, EDDY &amp; CO.'S

## LOTTERIES!

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF

DELAWARE,

MISSOURI

AND

KENTUCKY

Draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of Sworn  
Commissioners.

The Managers' Offices are located at Wilmington  
Delaware, and St. Louis, Missouri.

## PRIZES VARY FROM

\$250 TO \$100,000!

TICKETS FROM \$3.50 TO \$20.

Circulars giving full explanation and the Scheme to  
be drawn will be sent, free of expense, by addressing

WOOD, EDDY &amp; CO., Wilmington, Delaware

OR

WOOD, EDDY &amp; CO., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE ELECTROTYPING OF LESLIE'S ILLU-  
STRATED NEWSPAPER is done by FILMER  
& CO., 17 South Street.



## VALUABLE GIFTS

WITH BOOKS

AT

GEO. G. EVANS'S  
ORIGINALGIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,  
THE

Largest in the World!

PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

439 CHESTNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Sixth Year of the Enterprise.

## CARD.

Having purchased the spacious Iron Building, No. 439 Chestnut Street, and fitted it up with every convenience to facilitate my business, particularly that branch devoted to COUNTRY ORDERS; and having a larger capital than any other party invested in the business, I am now prepared to offer greater advantages and better gifts than ever to my customers.

I will furnish any Book (of a moral character) published in the United States, the regular retail price of which is One Dollar or upwards, and give a present worth from 50 cents to \$1.00 with each book, and guarantee to give perfect satisfaction, as I am determined to maintain the reputation already bestowed upon my establishment.

Strangers visiting Philadelphia are invited to call and judge for themselves. G. G. EVANS.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS SEND TO

GEO. G. EVANS,  
RELIABLE GIFT-BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,  
No. 439 Chestnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Where all books are sold at the Publisher's lowest prices, and you have the

## ADVANTAGE

OF RECEIVING

## A HANDSOME PRESENT

Worth from 50 Cents to \$1.00  
WITH EACH BOOK.

Geo. G. Evans Will furnish any Books ordered (of a moral character), and forward them with Gifts to any part of the United States and Canada.

Geo. G. Evans's Original Gift Book Enterprise has been endorsed by the Book Trade and all the leading city and country newspapers in the United States.

Geo. G. Evans's Punctual business transactions have received the approbation of over 6,000,000 citizens of the United States, each of whom have received substantial evidence of the benefits derived by purchasing books at this establishment.

Geo. G. Evans Has done more than any other publisher or bookseller in the United States, towards diffusing knowledge to the people. By his system many books are read that otherwise would not have found their way into the hands of readers.—*Frank Leslie's Newspaper.*

Geo. G. Evans Keeps constantly on hand the most extensive stock, the greatest assortment of Books, and circulates free to all who may apply, the most complete catalogue of Books and Gifts in the United States.

Geo. G. Evans Has advantages offered him by other publishers and manufacturers which enable him to furnish his patrons with a finer quality and a better assortment of gifts than any other establishment.

Geo. G. Evans Publishes nearly Two Hundred Popular and Interesting Books, therefore, as a publisher, he is better able to offer extra premiums and commission.

Geo. G. Evans Guarantees perfect satisfaction to all who may send for books.

Geo. G. Evans's New Classified Catalogue of Books embraces the writings of every standard author in every department of literature, and gives all the information relative to the purchasing and forwarding by Mail or Express of books ordered from his establishment, together with full directions how to remit money.

Geo. G. Evans's Catalogue of Books will be sent gratis and free of expense to any address in the United States or Canada.

Geo. G. Evans's Inducements to Agents cannot be surpassed. The most liberal commissions are offered, and by soliciting subscriptions to books in the manner proposed, twenty books can be sold in the same time that it would take to sell one on the old-fashioned subscription plan. Send for Classified Catalogue, and every information will be given in reference to agencies.

Geo. G. Evans Has always in store all the writings of every standard author in every department of literature, in every style of binding, at the publisher's lowest prices, and remember that you pay no more than you would at any other establishment, and you have the advantage of receiving an elegant Present, which oftentimes is worth a hundred fold more than the amount paid for the book.

Send for a Classified Catalogue of Books. Order any Book that you may want, remit the retail price, together with the amount required for postage, and one trial will assure you that the best place in the country to purchase Books is at

THE HEADQUARTERS OF  
GEO. G. EVANS,  
PROPRIETOR OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST  
GIFT-BOOK ENTERPRISE IN THE WORLD,  
PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT  
No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

## AGENTS WANTED.

To whom greater inducements than ever are offered. Any person, in any part of the country, can be an Agent, simply by forming a Club, sending the list of Books, and remitting the amount of money required for the same.

Send for a CATALOGUE, which contains all the desired information relative to Agencies and the formation of Clubs. Address G. G. EVANS, No. 439 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



COLONEL ELLSWORTH, OF THE UNITED STATES CHICAGO ZOUAVES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.  
SEE PAGE 188.

"WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES are certainly unrivalled."  
—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

Office, 505 Broadway, New York. 0000



This Delicious Tonic Stimulant, especially designed for the use of the MEDICAL PROFESSION and the FAMILY, possesses all of those intrinsic medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic), which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all Druggists, Grocers, &c. A. M. BININGER & CO., (Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS, No. 19 Broad St., N. Y. 245-570

## The Rev. Edward A. Wilson

Will cheerfully send (gratuitously) to all who need it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was cured of that dire disease, Consumption. He will also send full directions as to diet, &c. Those desiring the Prescription, with full particulars in regard to my own case, will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, Kings County,  
New York.

2460

## Thorley's Food for Horses and Cattle.

A PAMPHLET fully descriptive of this Food mailed free on application to the Depot for the United States, 21 Broadway, New York. Liberal terms awarded to Agent.

244-560

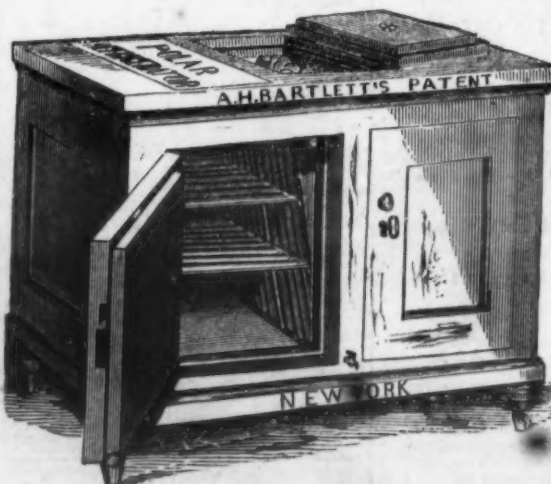
## Important Notice.

YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM GEORGE WEBB, 404 Vine Street, Philadelphia, any book you may particularly wish, or any article not convenient to be procured in city or town where you reside. Send for catalogue, which will contain particulars. Address GEORGE WEBB, Purchasing Agent, Successor to Davis & Co., 404 Vine Street, Philadelphia. 239-500

Ladd, Webster & Co.'s  
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.  
500 Broadway, New York. 0000

## THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR,

With Filter and Water-Cooler Combined,



BARTLETT &amp; LESLEY,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

## BARTLETT'S PATENT

POLAR REFRIGERATORS, OLD JAVA COFFEE POTS, HOTEL COFFEE BOILERS, ROTATING ASH-SIFTERS, HOT-AIR FURNACES, PORTABLE HEATERS, REGISTERS AND VENTILATORS,  
NO. 430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## J. R. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS INHALED, its healing balsamic odors are brought in direct contact with the lining membranes of the

THROAT, BRONCHIAL TUBES AND ALL THE AIR-CELLS OF THE LUNGS, Relieving at once any pain or oppression, and healing any irritation or inflammation.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS TAKEN UPON SUGAR, it forms an unequalled, soothing and healing syrup for Coughs and all Throat Diseases.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS APPLIED, its magnetic or concentrated curative powers render it a most speedy and efficient

## PAIN ANNIHILATOR.

Olive Tar is not Sticky—does not Discolor.

Fifty Cents a bottle, at No. 442 Broadway, New York, and by all Druggists.

## J. R. STAFFORD'S

## Iron and Sulphur Powders.

Are a soluble preparation of iron and sulphur, identical with that existing in the blood of a perfectly healthy person. Uniting with the digested food,

THEY REVITALIZE AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THEY IMPART ENERGY TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THEY INVIGORATE THE LIVER.

THEY STRENGTHEN THE DIGESTION.

THEY REGULATE THE SECRETIONS OF THE BODY.

AND ARE A SPECIFIC FOR ALL KINDS OF FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

PRICE \$1 A PACKAGE, at No. 442 Broadway, New York, and all Druggists.

## The Singer Sewing Machines.

IN order to place THE BEST FAMILY MACHINES IN THE WORLD within the reach of all, we have reduced our LETTER A, or TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINES, beautifully ornamented, to \$50.

Singer's No. 1 and 2 Standard Shuttle Machines, both of very general application and capacity, and popular both in the family and manufactory. Prices reduced, respectively from \$125 and \$150 to \$90 and \$100.

## Singer's No. 3 Standard Shuttle Machine,

For Carriage-makers and heavy leather work. Price, complete, \$125.

Also, to complete the list, an

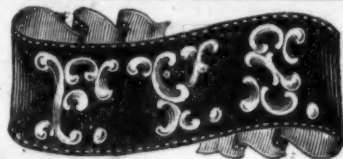
## ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE,

unequalled for manufacturing purposes; NONSEWER, RAPID, and capable of every kind of work! Price (including iron stand and drawers), \$110—cheaper at that in view of its value than the machines of any other maker as a gift.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 405 Broadway.

## \$40. PARKER'S SEWING MACHINE. \$40.

FIRST-CLASS DOUBLE-THREAD, RAPID AND NOISE-LESS, under patents of Howe, Grover & Baker, &c. Office No. 460 Broadway. Agents wanted everywhere. 2460



Patented November 1st, 1859.



## BALLOU'S

## Patent Improved French Yoke Shirts,

A NEW STYLE OF SHIRT WARRANTED TO FIT

Sent by EXPRESS to any part of the United States, upon receipt, per mail, of the following measures, which will insure a perfect fit, for \$12, \$15, \$18 and \$24 per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen shirts:

1. Neck, A—the distance around B. 2. Yoke, B to D.

3. Sleeve, C to G. 4. Breast, D to E—distance around the body under the armpits. 5. Length of shirt, E to F.

By sending the above measures we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of the IMPROVED FRENCH YOKE SHIRT.

Also Importers and Dealers in Men's Furnishings Goods

## BALLOU BROTHERS,

409 Broadway, N. Y.

WHOLESALE ORDERS SOLICITED. 0000



We assert, and any one can test the matter, that our

## OLD HOLLAND GIN,

bottled by us, especially for medicinal and family use, is far superior, in every respect, to any other Gin ever before offered to the public. One trial will convince you that old and pure liquor can still be procured. GREENE & GLADDEN, No. 63 Cortlandt St., New York, Sole Importers. To be had of the principal Druggists, by the case or bottle, throughout the States and Canada. 243-540